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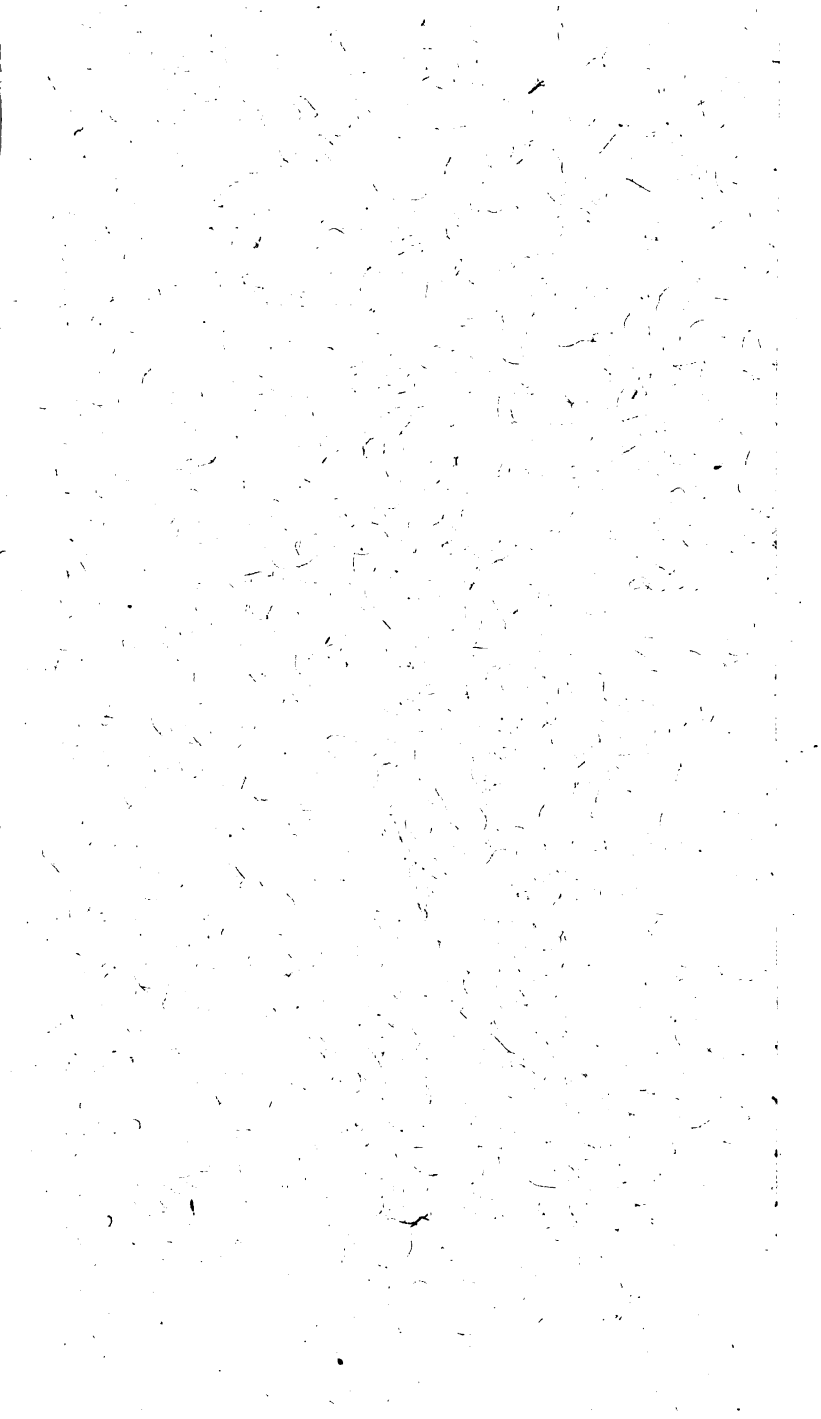
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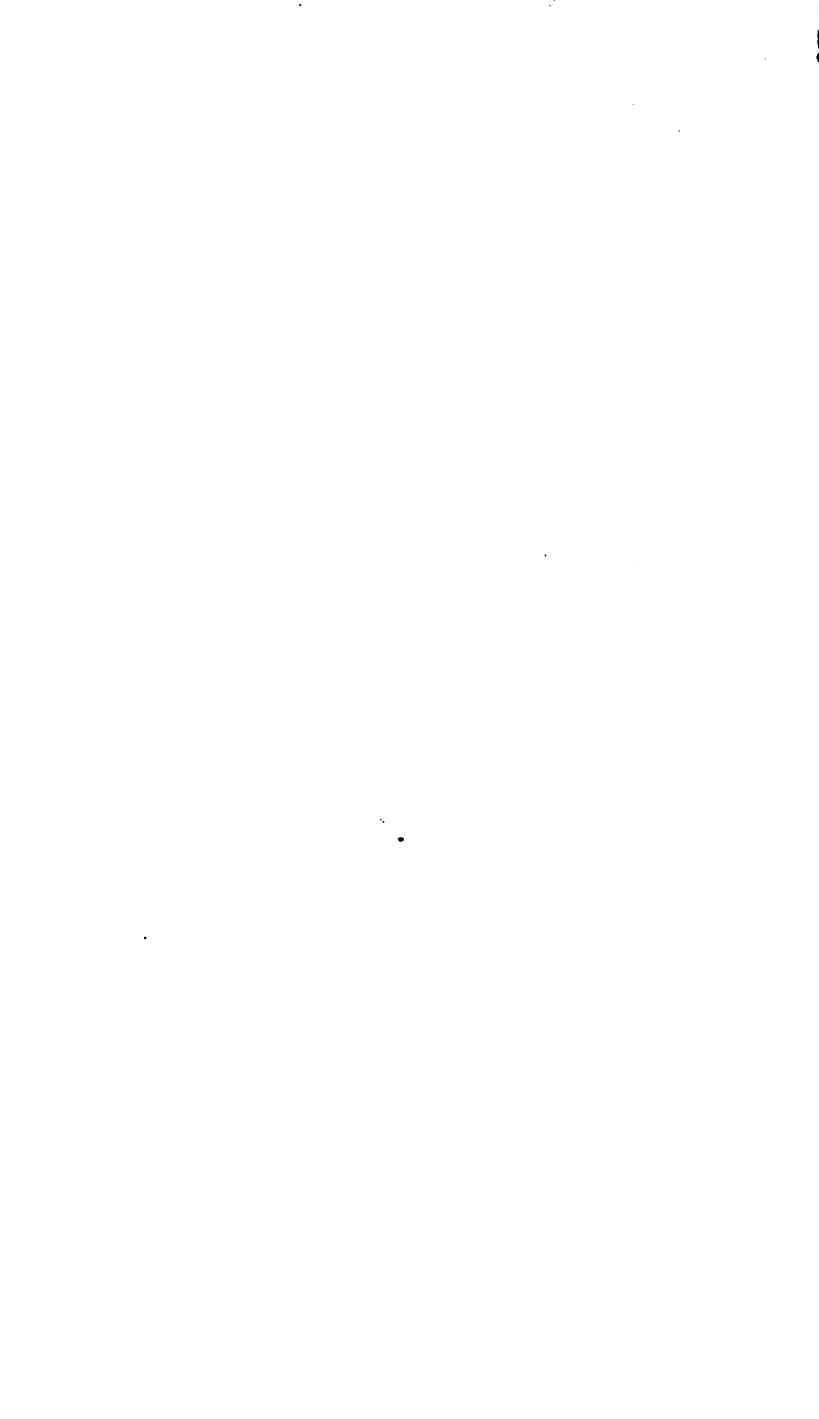


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A  
**VOYAGE**  
FROM  
**LEITH TO LAPLAND;**  
OR,  
**PICTURES OF SCANDINAVIA**  
IN 1850.

BY WILLIAM HURTON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

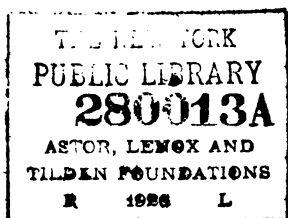
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LONDON :  
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TO

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN,

THESE PICTURES OF HIS SCANDINAVIAN HOME

ARE INSCRIBED,

BY HIS FRIEND AND ADMIRER,

WILLIAM HURTON.

LONDON,  
*May, 1151.*



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# LEITH TO LAPLAND;

OR,

## PICTURES FROM SCANDINAVIA.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### INTRODUCTORY WORDS.

SOME fourscore years ago, one Laurence Sterne, of right witty memory, classified all travellers thus :—" Idle travellers ; inquisitive travellers ; lying travellers ; proud travellers ; vain travellers ; splenetic travellers ; delinquent and felonious travellers ; unfortunate and innocent travellers ; simple travellers ; and sentimental travellers." He might have enlarged the list considerably, but one class of travellers has altogether sprung up since his day and generation, and is

already so exceedingly numerous, that, like the rod of Aaron, it threatens to swallow up all others. The name of this new class is—**MURRAY'S HAND-BOOK TRAVELLERS!** All the continental world knows the English Traveller of this celebrated class, for he stalks into hotels with the Hand-book between his finger and thumb; he lays the Hand-book open before him at every meal; he puts it carefully under his pillow o' nights; he astounds the ciceronis themselves by roundly telling them they are mistaken regarding the height of this tower, or the length of that bridge, for the Hand-book—and he exultingly holds up the magical tome—says it is so-and-so; he will not put foot on board a steamboat, nor cross the threshold of an inn, nor view anything animate nor inanimate, unless the Hand-book counselleth and adviseth the same; he implicitly and unswervingly goeth by land and sea, “there and back again,” in the identical track laid down by the Hand-book; he swears and vows by, and fervently and reverentially believes in the Hand-book; and without the immortal Hand-book, the Englishman abroad would be more helpless than the babe and suckling at home!

I am not, never was, and never will be, a Tra-

veller of the above genus. I acknowledge no guide but my own eyes, ears, and judgment—no route but that which my own fancy, inclination, or necessity, suggests. I think no scene sublime, no city charming, no edifice wonderful, merely because the Hand-book says it is. Seriously, I am not scoffing at the same Hand-book, for I dare say it is an admirable thing of the kind, but of no use to an impulsive Wanderer like myself. The reader will, perchance, like my yarn none the worse because I thus spurn all beaten tracks, and habitually prefer out-o'-the-way modes of journeying by land and ocean, as affording far greater likelihood that I may see and describe something which has not been seen and described far better by a hundred predecessors. Why I resolved to go to Scandinavia at all, perhaps nobody would care to know, and I certainly do not care to tell.

My preparations were soon made. I had only to pen half-a-dozen letters, and pack a few books, linen, and sundries, in the smallest possible space, and I was ready to depart. I am *ein Wandernde Vogel*—a roamer hither and thither, to and fro—delighting to mix familiarly with people of divers nations, thereby treasuring up a knowledge of men and manners which, one day, may be turned to

good account. No bright young eyes were dimmed at my departure; no snowy arms were flung around my neck; no fond young heart beat against mine in a sobbing farewell embrace. Yet, roamer as I am, blessed be God, I have some devoted friends, and a loving father and mother, both of whom, I fervently pray, will live to welcome their own *Wandernde Vogel* beneath their old root-tree once more. At present I sing, with literal truth:—

“When the long dun wolds are ribbed with snow,  
And loud the Norland whirlwinds blow,  
Alone I wander to and fro,  
Oriana!”

Part of these “Introductory Words” I wrote when aboard a tiny craft in the “wintry Baltic,” with a deep coating of snow overhead; and I scrawl these concluding sentences in a heavy gale of wind far out in the stormy Arctic Ocean.

“Ye gentlemen of England,  
Who live at home at ease,  
Ah, little do ye think upon”

the life *der Wandernde Vogel* leadeth!

A parting word. It is very possible that the voice of censure or of praise, regarding this work, will never reach my ears; but should I, in some



remote region of the earth, learn that, with all its faults it has, nevertheless, met with some little degree of approval, and afforded transient gratification to my fellow-countrymen,—then, I say, a gleam of joy will cheer the heart of the lonely *Wandernde Vogel*,

WILLIAM HURTON.

*May* 1, 1851.



## CHAPTER II.

## VOYAGE TO GLUCKSTADT (ON THE ELBE).

DURING a few months in summer and autumn, steamers ply regularly from London and Hull to St. Petersburg, and land passengers at Copenhagen. The last steamer sailed this year about the end of October; and as it was nearly the end of November when I wished to depart, it behoved me to consider well what means would be the best to reach Copenhagen, which I proposed for my chief, or at any rate, my first winter residence. There were only two ways—one to go direct for Copenhagen by sea, in a sailing vessel; and the other to go by steamer to Hamburgh, and thence through Schleswig-Holstein to Kiel, and so up the Baltic; otherwise, to go from Hamburgh to Lubeck, and endeavour to get a passage from

the small port of Traffemunde, a few miles from the latter place. Now, with regard to the Ham-  
burgh route, it is comparatively a very easy matter in summer time, but to the last degree difficult and utterly uncertain in winter. In the former season, steamers ply from Kiel to Copenhagen, and there are always plenty of sailing vessels also; but in the latter, there are no steamers and no sailing vessels, big or little, to be depended upon, on account of the harbours, and sometimes vast tracts of the Baltic itself, being frozen up from an early period. Aware of this, I was very anxious to secure a passage direct by sea; and I wrote to Hull, as being by far the most likely place, to secure me one in a vessel of any description, and of any nation, but received answer that not one was, just then, "lying on" for the Baltic way, the season being so late. No resource remained but to get to Ham-  
burgh, and I arrived at Leith on Saturday, 24th of November, 1849, and sailed the same evening in the "Martello" steamer for Ham-  
burgh (distant about 500 miles); myself and a Danish gentleman, named Lofgrén, being the only passengers.

In my verse-making days (don't think that I am

old now, for that matter, sweet lady), I remember publishing a "bit sang," commencing with the lines—

"A smile on your face, and kind word on your tongue,  
Will serve you as passports all nations among;"

and true enough have I ever found this, among the people of foreign nations; but, unhappily, there exists a State regulation, justly dreaded by all travellers, which requires a formal, written, signed, and sealed piece of paper, called a passport, in which your person, address, and occupation are described, with more or less accuracy. To secure mine, I went to the office of the Danish Consul-General at Leith, in the morning, and left him my French passport from which to make out one for Denmark, which he politely assured me should be ready for my signature in the afternoon. On calling for it accordingly, I, to my surprise, was informed that he would not make any charge; an unusual fact, which, I believe, I attribute rightly to his taking into consideration what my object in visiting the North of Europe was. At any rate, his kindness deserves acknowledgment.

I dearly love the ocean; and mentally did I exclaim, as we swiftly left auld Scotia's shores—

“Once more upon the waters! yet once more;  
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed  
Which knows its rider.”

Yes, in the words of Hans Christian Andersen,

“I love the sea when its stormy billows roar;  
I love it when its waves roll gently to the shore,  
And the pale moonbeams smile upon its blue expanse.”

To me the ocean never is monotonous—never presents precisely the same aspect.

It was a glorious moonlight Saturday night, with a fine, keen air; and as the *Martello* dashed onwards, for her last voyage this season, her wheels *churned* the water into foam resembling snowflakes, and the wavelets in her long wake glistened like quicksilver.

On Sunday the wind blew in our teeth, and grew fiercer and stronger, until the ship pitched and tossed right merrily. I am no curled dandy; and I am thankful to say, I can always sleep on a soft plank, bite hard biscuits, and relish salt junk—accomplishments which every puking valetudinarian would do well to take lessons in. Wrapped simply in my old sea-cloak, I stretched myself on a locker for the night, as I thought. Ah! how many nights, on sea and land, have I enjoyed a sleep which kings and millionaires would envy, with no other

bed than that dear old cloak! There are three things which accompany me in all my wanderings, and are ever by my side—my cloak, my Bible, and my Burns; all three the gift of that fond mother whose eyes will overflow with tears as they devour these lines. Never will I part with either; and perchance it may ultimately be with me as Eliza Cook sweetly sings of a sailor boy, who went to sea with a cloak, his mother's gift, and when, many years afterwards, he was dying in a far-off foreign land, hugged it around him, and expired with the words, "My cloak—thou'rt warmest!" on his lips.

I was saying that, wrapped in my cloak, I had turned in for the night. The machinery was groaning, the beams and bulks were creaking and shrieking; the wind was howling and mercilessly striking the vessel with the force of a battery of mighty sledge-hammers. Yet the only sensation I experienced was a decidedly pleasurable one. My spirits always rise in a storm, and now my soul felt proudly elate; for, somehow, it seemed as though I were brought into direct communion with Him who "holds the ocean in the hollow of His hand;" whose "way is in the sea," and "whose paths are in the great waters;" who "speaks in tempests," and "who walks on the wings of the wind." I had

just fallen asleep, alone and in darkness, a little before midnight, when a tremendous crash awoke me, and at the same moment, the water poured down the companion slide—which I had left open—in a perfect cataract, for a full minute. I felt the ship quiver and collapse throughout with the stroke; and, knowing it must be a very heavy sea she had shipped, sprang up, and with difficulty groped my way to the ladder, at the foot of which the surging water, on the floor of the dark cabin, emitted an extremely beautiful phosphorescent light. It literally seemed alive with fiery serpents, wreathing and disporting. On emerging on deck, I had the satisfaction to stagger along knee-deep through the water, to the galley, where I dried myself by the fire.

During the remainder of the night, the decks were washed fore and aft every few minutes; and mingled hail, rain, snow, and frozen sleet came down on us with the storm-wind. But there was that on board which rose superior to the grandeur and power of the elemental strife—I mean the glorious **INTELLECT OF MAN!** It was at work also; and wheresoever it laboureth, the mightiest organic elements are conquered, and made blind servitors, instead of tyrannous rulers. Sooth, it



is a thought that ought of itself to elevate mortality beyond the peddling petty cares and figments of worldly life and strife; for what sublime ideas doth it not shadow forth of our future state in the infinitely purer existence which awaits us beyond the grave!

Although, ever and anon, the machinery fairly paused to gather strength for the next stroke, yet onward strided the iron ship—cleaving the pathless ocean, and buried, so to speak, in the awe-striking war of nature—her giant fabric sternly and unswerving bore along perfectly uninjured, as though the Almighty's own finger upheld and guided her on her way. I could not but mentally contrast the present state of nautical knowledge, theoretical and practical, with that of some centuries bygone; and when I balanced this ship, and the way she was handled, with the vessels of, say four hundred years ago, manned by unskilful sailors—creeping along from shore to shore, from headland to headland, and distraught if they happened to get out of sight of land for a few days in the summer months—I must say that I felt a thrill of proud emotion at the evidence of the noble progression manifest in this, as in every other pursuit to which the human mind has been continuously directed.

The weather remained nearly as bad the whole of Monday, but moderated somewhat early on Tuesday morning, although, in the words of the "Ancient Mariner,"

"And then there came both mist and snow,  
And it grew wondrous cold."

A few hours after daybreak, we beheld the first land since leaving Leith, being no other than the celebrated island of Heligoland, which lies far out at sea, and about twenty-five to thirty miles from the mouth of the Elbe. Its name is derived from *Heilige*—Holy Island. It is little better than a long, desolate rock, rising probably two hundred feet above the level of the sea, with a species of sandy beach on one side, which is parcelled out in a few fields and gardens. There was, a while back, only *one* cow upon it, but many Friesland sheep; though how they manage to live is a mystery. Heaven must, indeed, temper both wind and hunger to them! There is a little town perched upon it; and during the present century it has sprung up into considerable reputation as a visiting and bathing place for the Hamburgers, who love to inhale the fresh air of the stormy North Sea during the summer months. The dwellings are said to be models of neatness, both inside and out;

and, as locks for doors are unknown, one would presume that a primitive state of manners is prevalent ; and, perhaps, even that blessing of blessings, the non-existence of any lawyer. Most of the inhabitants, who number two or three thousand, follow the sea as fishermen, pilots, &c., and have the reputation of being very indolent, and exorbitant in their demands for services. In 1807, Heligoland passed from the possession of Denmark to England, and has belonged to the latter ever since. A garrison of five hundred to a thousand men was maintained until 1821 ; but now there are, I believe, few or no soldiers, and only a governor (*par excellence*) who was formerly a captain in the navy, and has a salary of 1,000*l.* a-year. There is also a clergyman, who is paid 100*l.* a-year by the State. The civil administration of the little territory is said to be sufficiently despotic ; but the dwellers are perfectly satisfied with it.

As we approached the Elbe, the weather grew bitterly cold, and the salt spray froze the moment it fell on board. We passed Cuxhaven, a little way up the river, which, at the mouth, is very wide, and had numbers of vessels, of all nations, sailing or anchoring about it. The coast on both sides the

river is low, and apparently uninteresting. By-and-by we could discern the Holstein shore, clothed with snow; and the cold grew so palpably intense, that it became an anxious question as to whether the Elbe would not be found frozen ere we reached Hamburg, which is eighty miles from the mouth of the former. Doubt was soon exchanged for certainty, for by passing vessels we learned that the river was frozen at Hamburg that morning, and our pilot decided on our going no further than Glückstadt, which is on the left bank of the river, in the Duchy of Holstein, and about thirty English miles below Hamburg. The Martello, accordingly, stopped off the town at 6 P.M., and boats put off from the shore for the passengers. As both myself and M. Lofgrén were exceedingly desirous to get on to Hamburg that night if possible, we hailed to know when the train left for the latter place—as there is a railway, which passes from Kiel through Glückstadt to Altona (joining Hamburg). The reply was that the last train had left half an hour before. After a brief consideration, we both agreed to land, and four stout oarsmen propelled us towards the town. As we approached the shore, they had to pull hard to force their way through the floating masses of ice.

On nearing the pier, we were eagerly hailed as to the name of the steamer. The only medium for ascending this pier was a number of strips of wood, nailed in one place from pile to pile, precisely like the staves of a ladder. It was a perfectly easy matter for me to go aloft this way, but I could not help marvelling how it would have been with lady passengers, for apparently there was no other means of landing, as the river was frozen all the way beyond the pier. I climbed gaily enough, despite fingers tingling with cold, and then, stooping down, grasped the hand of my companion, and raised him by my side on the pier of Glückstadt.

## CHAPTER III.

## GLUCKSTADT TO KIEL.

“AND having effected your characteristic landing,” saith my reader, “I suppose, Mr. *Wandernde Vogel*, you were forthwith marched off to undergo the custom-house ordeal—a custom ‘better honoured,’ to your thinking, ‘in the breach than in the observance,’ eh?” Softly, good reader; no such thing. By the blessed law of the Duchies, travellers whose destination is beyond the place they are landed at, are there subjected to no examination whatever, but may walk off, bag and baggage, just as they please. My destination was Copenhagen, and my companion’s, Hamburg; so we were both in the favoured category.

My first impression on gaining the pier was a vivid idea of the extraordinary contrast of scenery which a few days’ swift transit had enabled me to realise. Here I was literally in a new world. All

around was ice and snow. The latter lay to the depth of perhaps six to nine inches, was fine as dust, and creaked sharply beneath the tread. Overhead hung a cloudless sky, with a brilliant moon, surrounded by a slight halo ; and, scattered few and far between, in the gleaming expanse of heaven, were stars of dazzling beauty, which sparkled in the keen air, and, through the purity of the atmospheric medium, seemed to the eye to be enlarged to an unusual size.

The boatmen who conveyed us, joined by some amphibious-looking hangers-on, after a long gabble, apportioned our united luggage among themselves, and, so far as I could perceive, for each article there were two able-bodied men, all *neine-ing* and *ya-ing*, and stamping together. With this regiment at our heels, we accompanied one Henrich Falck to his hotel, situated at no great distance from the harbour. Contrary to my expectations, the troop were not very exacting in their demands, and gathered round the bar to swallow the fruits of their labour. We were soon comfortably ensconced in a quaint apartment, with ceiling of planks overhead, and heated, as usual, by a stove. The kitchen strongly reminded me of an English one, and had its rows of plates of the English willow pattern, which is found all the world over.

The room in which I slept was a narrow double-bedded one, the tenant of the other bed being a military officer. I may describe the bed, as it was a model of others which I saw in a very respectable hotel in Kiel, and I have no doubt all in the country are similar in fashion. It consisted of a frame, with deep sides of wood, and four posts rising a few inches above the said sides. The bottom of the bed was of planks, and the body was filled level to the top of the sides with straw. Over this straw was simply doubled a strong unbleached homespun sheet, on which you reposed, with a bottle of hot water at your feet, and for covering had a slight and perfectly loose bed, probably filled with down of the eider duck, mixed with feathers of other northern wild fowls. A pillow of the same description supported your head. There were no blankets or any other thing whatever than I have enumerated; and the whole bed had a steep declination from head to foot. A more comfortable bed than this proved, I would not desire; but, as the reader will perhaps rightly conclude from other parts of my notes, I am by no means fastidious in this respect, and almost any couch would have secured a sound repose after the preceding three rough, sleepless nights.



Instead of starting for Hamburgh, I had resolved to proceed to Kiel by the first train in the morning; and the result of an overnight conversation with Mr. Lofgrén (a most intelligent young man, who spoke Danish, Swedish, German, and English, with equal facility) was, that he gave me advice and information, and a letter of introduction to his friend, Mr. Marolly, likewise a Dane, and British Consul at Kiel, and I started, accordingly, at 8 A.M., for the railway station, guided by my obliging host, whose house I can conscientiously recommend.

Glückstadt is the third largest town in the Duchy of Holstein,\* and has about six thousand inhabitants. From the superficial glance I had of it, it appeared to be in no respect remarkable. The most distinguishing feature of the neat houses, to me, was the great number of good-sized windows which each contained. The light of

\* The Duchies of Holstein and Schleswig, the names of which have so recently become familiar with the English public, comprise, with that of Lauenburg, altogether a territory of above eight thousand square miles, and a population little short of eight hundred thousand souls. Up to the period of the late war, they were an integral part of the Danish dominions, but speak dialects of the German language, and always have been governed by their own peculiar laws. The largest town in Holstein is Altona, the population of which is thirty thousand, and consequently next to that of Copenhagen.

heaven cannot be taxed here. One large and curious-looking building, full of large windows, on the opposite side of the harbour, attracted my notice, as we walked along; and I inquired of Falck whether it was not the Town Hall, or some similar building, but was astonished on being told that it was a place appropriated to the confinement of *prisoners for life*. I asked what crime they had committed to incur this dreadful penalty, and was told that most of them were convicted of manslaughter. In answer to further particular enquiry, he assured me that executions for murder were exceedingly rare, and were only inflicted in very aggravated cases. I would willingly have acquired a knowledge of the species of discipline to which these life-captives were subjected, had time permitted. Many vessels, including two Greenlandmen belonging to Glückstadt, were frozen up in the little harbour.

At the station I paid for my carpet-bag and trunk about twopence English each, receiving (as is the system on most continental lines), a ticket, the corresponding number of which was pasted on them. I took a third class fare for Kiel, a distance of about sixty English miles, the charge being three shillings English, or only one halfpenny per mile; and I assert, without exaggeration, that the car-

riages were decidedly more comfortable than second class carriages generally are in England. In size and internal arrangement, they resemble English third class, and were well lighted with glazed and tightly-fitting windows. The railway itself appeared excellently made, constructed, I was told, by Scotch engineers. On starting, the sun shone brightly; and feathery particles of snow drifted, like glittering fragments of diamonds, across its slanting beams. The rate of speed at which the train proceeded was slow.

At Elmshorn, I had to change carriages for Kiel, and staid about half-an-hour at the station, the refreshment-room of which is really most elegant; and, although the decorations are probably considerably less expensive (as likewise the structure itself), than those of most English stations, so much pleasing taste is evinced in them, that I wish my own countrymen would condescend to take a pattern.

On the route to Kiel, the glimpses obtainable of the surrounding country most strongly reminded me of a well-cultivated flat English county. There were numerous fields, and neat wayside cottages, with occasionally little secluded hamlets. I believe that most Englishmen make the same observation, and say that in other parts of the Duchies

the resemblance is still more striking and minute.

When I arrived at Kiel, I lost no time in going in quest of Mr. Marolly, and after some search, succeeded in finding his residence. By waiting there awhile, I had the pleasure (for such indeed it proved), of making his personal acquaintance. He is a young man, and, as I before mentioned, a Dane, but speaks good English, and is of very superior intelligence. After perusing my letter of introduction, he at once offered his best services, evidently in a most sincere spirit. Having explained to him the object of my journey, and my anxiety to get to Copenhagen as soon as possible, by any means of transit, he considered what to advise. He said there were, he thought, only one or two very little vessels bound for Copenhagen, and forthwith sallied out with me to make enquiries. Having found the captain of one of them, he bargained on my behalf for a passage, as the vessel was to sail that evening. It was arranged that whatever length short of five days the voyage might prove, I was to stay on board full that time; the Danish quarantine law being still in strict operation, by which not any traveller is permitted to land until he has been five clear days from the last port he left. Passing quarantine at Copenhagen is frequently

a most expensive affair. Mr. Marolly told me that in September he had himself to pass it there for a brief period, and that it cost him, in fees and other expenses, six pounds sterling. In some cases it is far more serious. By remaining on board the vessel five days and getting the same certified (if necessary) on my passport, by the Captain, it was hoped I should avoid further detention and expense.

This matter arranged, we dined together at the *table d'hôte* of the *Stadt Copenhagen*, kept by a good fellow named Carl Heinrich,\* who humourously described himself to me as being the first citizen of the state (*erster staatsburger*). The table was tolerably well supplied; and, with the exception of myself, the guests were nearly all military and civil *employés* of the Schleswig-Holstein government, who habitually dine there at 1 P.M., and meet again for coffee in the evening.

After dinner, I went forth alone, for a ramble over the town, which is seated on a *fiord* or firth of the Baltic, and has a population of between 8,000 and 10,000 souls. It has a University, and is the seat of the present Government of the Duchies.

\* When I gave worthy Carl's fist a farewell grasp, he exclaimed, "God bless you!" the only words of English which he knew.

It is celebrated for its noble canal, navigable by vessels of a considerable size, which connects the Baltic with the German Ocean. I found it a far more lively place than might be expected, with good streets (although rather narrow), and decent, but apparently scantily-stocked, shops of various kinds. The houses seemed well-built, with abundance of windows, those on the ground floor being frequently of peculiar shapes. The first floors of the better sorts were generally fitted with folding wings, after the French fashion. The rooms are heated with stoves, and I question whether such a thing as a fire-grate in the English style is to be found in any sitting-room in the place. Some of these stoves are very elegant-looking articles. The large one in Mr. Marolly's sitting-room was about eight feet high, with a handsome gilt statue placed on its square top, and would not have disgraced a London drawing-room. Little stands in his room (which altogether had such a light, cheery appearance, that, but for the snow seen through the large windows, I could have thought myself in a continental apartment in the summer season) sustained glass basins, &c., imbedded in moss and artificial flowers, which had a very pretty effect. Its floor, like all others which I saw in Kiel, was of polished hard wood,

much after the Parisian fashion. The stairs were also of similar materials; and carpets are rarely used in any part of the houses.

There is an immense church, built entirely of brick, with a huge square tower, and a very lofty hexagonal spire. In the market square, foot soldiers were on parade, and the number of them to be met with posted as sentinels in the streets, reminded me strongly of French towns. They appeared to be nearly all very young men, being doubtless levies raised during the late war. Their physical appearance was good, and they were well dressed in neat uniforms suitable for the season. They wore bronze helmets, with a peak, and brass ornaments. Their arms were musket and bayonet, and a short straight sword, similar to that used by the French troops. Sledges of different fashions, occupied by ladies, were rattling through the streets. Some of these elegant vehicles were drawn by one, and others by two horses, with a handsome white net-work thrown over their backs, and each with a row of three or four little bells jingling from a frame on their shoulder-harness. A leopard or a bear-skin apron is in front of the vehicle, and behind projects a stout piece of wood, covered with leather, about eighteen inches long,

which a man holds on by, to balance, and, in some measure, guide the sledge whilst in motion. The children in the streets and outskirts had little rude sledges of their own, on which they were drawing and propelling one another; and, in some instances, a boy standing upright on a simple piece of plank, about a foot square, with two parallel smooth-edged riders underneath, forced himself over the frosted surface with an iron-spiked shaft, at a considerable speed. Throughout the town, merchandize of every description was being conveyed along on strong sledges. On a piece of frozen water, scores of youths were skating, most of them smoking cigars, which here may be had for a half-penny, equal to those which would cost from threepence to sixpence in England. The open air felt most exhilarating when walking briskly, and so keen was it, that five minutes' exposure sufficed to turn my moustache into a frozen mass, by the medium of my congealed breath.

The feeling with which the people of Kiel regard the Danish quarrel, seemed to me significantly expressed by the fact that, in numerous shop windows, there were various prints representing the explosion of the Danish ship-of-the-line, "Christian VIII.," and the capture of the 'Gefion,' with appropriate exulting letter-press.



The lamps which light the streets are large, handsome oil ones, and are suspended from a light iron crane fixed to the walls. One end of a small chain, passing over sheaves in blocks, on the under side of the crane, is attached to the top of the lamp, and the other end of the chain goes round a small roller, protected from the weather by a box fastened to the wall, with an orifice for a key, by means of which the lamp is lowered or raised for the purpose of lighting, &c.; thus obviating the necessity of ascending by a ladder, which, in the slippery state of the streets during the long winter months, would be very liable to slip out at the foot. I was interested by this simple and ingenious method, which I had never seen elsewhere. In very narrow streets, iron bars are linked across, and the lamp is suspended from the centre, and lowered and raised in a similar manner.

A beautiful promenade, planted with trees, leads from the side of the quay, far away along the shore of the upper part of the wide fiord. I walked a considerable distance upon it, and was pleased with the novel and beautiful prospects it commanded. In some places it rises to a considerable height, the snow-wreaths fringing its sides, and the fiord itself, with the opposite shore, presenting picturesque features. Here and there, on

the precipitous side next the fiord are very handsome villas, painted with lively colours, and full of windows. On the promenade near the town was a considerable body of troops exercising. Two or three vessels were building near the quay, at which lay a few brigs, and a number of small craft. The chorus of the sailors of one of the largest brigs, as they laboured at discharging her cargo, floated musically on the clear air; and, occasionally, the prolonged report of a sportsman's gun was wafted mellowly from the opposite shore.

Altogether, I should say that, in the summer season, Kiel must be a very agreeable residence for those who can dispense with the bustle and luxuries of large cities.

In the evening, Mr. Marolly met me by appointment, and brought news that the destination of Captain Piil (Arrow, *Anglicè*) was changed from Copenhagen to Rudkiobing, in the island of Langeland; whereupon I covenanted anew to go with him to that place, as I could thence manage to reach Copenhagen by sea and land in two or three days. He particularly begged I would be on board by ten P.M. With that view I sent a man to take my luggage to the vessel at eight o'clock; but, to my blank disappointment, he

soon returned with the intelligence that worthy Captain Piil, not having the fear of broken promises before his eyes, had actually sailed already without me. On this, Mr. Marolly sent for the captain of a Danish craft belonging to, and bound for, Svendborg, in the island of Fünen, which was to sail that night. The captain promptly attended, but was evidently most reluctant to take me as a passenger. He started objection after objection; but my powerful friend combated them at every point, and I aided by every suggestion I could think of. Finally, he consented to receive *der Wandernde Vogel* aboard his ark for five days or upwards; but he hoped I would lay in a stock of food for myself, as he had nothing but his ordinary ship's provisions.

This did not at all suit my views, as I particularly wished to avail myself of a genuine opportunity, which might never occur again, of closely observing the every-day life and fare of that numerous class of his Danish Majesty's subjects who "go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in the great waters." I therefore most urgently said that he need not fear of failing to suit me, for I could eat anything and sleep anywhere. This last bulwark removed, and a bargain being struck on the captain's own terms,

(viz., for my passage and food during five days, a sum equal to only about fifteen shillings English, and so many Danish marks for each day beyond the five), he grew more cordial over a stiff glass, and departed with the understanding that I would be on board by ten o'clock.

When he was gone, Mr. Marolly (who frankly said that he himself should by no means relish such a voyage as I was about to undertake), told me that probably part of the poor fellow's objection to taking me arose from the fact that men of his class frequently did a little smuggling, in which case the presence of a third party was, of course, no desideratum. I laughed, and said I would pledge my word that ere the voyage was ended, we should be fast friends enough.

At the appointed hour, Mr. Marolly saw me on board; and I here cordially thank him for his most friendly exertions on my behalf. Should any British subject require advice or aid in Kiel, he will find in the above gentleman a British Consul worthy of the name.

## CHAPTER IV.

LIFE AFLOAT IN THE BALTIC—KIEL TO SVENDBORG, IN THE  
ISLAND OF FÜNEN.

AND what, thinks the reader, was the species of craft in which I was to make my first experience of life afloat in the Baltic? A regular ship-of-the-line, be assured! As already mentioned, she belonged to, and was bound for Svendborg, in the island of Fünen, in Denmark Proper. Her name was *Enigheetns Minde*, and that of her noble skipper was Berthel Heinsen. Her crew consisted of one man—and no boy. Total of captain, crew, and passenger—three able-bodied men. Her dimensions were thirty to thirty-five feet long, by ten or eleven feet breadth of beam. She had one good-sized, upright, red-pine mast, with rattlins to its shrouds, and long bowsprit and jib-boom. She hoisted a large spread of canvas, consisting of gaff-

and-boom mainsail, foresail, staysail, jib, and flying-jib, all of new canvas, and was well found in stores. Her burthen could not exceed twenty tons; her mould was a very pretty one, and she was a neat and strongly-built craft, as I can pronounce, having had considerable practical experience in vessel-building from boyhood. Over her counter-stern was suspended a neat little skiff from davits.

Descend with me to the cabin. The top is raised on a level with the bulwarks, and you enter, *stern foremost*, through a little folding door, reaching from the front of the cabin top to the deck, and just large enough to admit your passage. A ladder of four steps will enable you to reach the floor, but very possibly your legs are long enough without its aid. Once in, shut the door, and survey your domain. It is about eight feet square at top, but, owing to the rake of the stern, and the shape of the "runs," not more than about five feet by three feet at bottom. It is just high enough for you to sit upright, if you are not very tall, and is lighted by two little stern-windows, and a piece of thick glass ridged on the under side, let into the deck overhead. Between the stern-post and the nearest timbers are little shelves, thickly studded with bottles, cups, pots,

and other utensils, some of them being of quaint and primitive device. A little deal table, about two feet square, is fastened against the stern (on which table has been written all you have hitherto read of these notes), and underneath it is a barrel of Danish beer, with a plug in the top in lieu of a screw. Looking forward, you behold a small chest against the bulkhead, containing the valuables of the skipper—his holiday clothes, vessel's register, bills of lading, &c. Above it is a tiny mirror and a shelf, and to its left is a stove, proportionate in size with the cabin. On either side the vessel is a sleeping-berth; that on the larboard side being partially closed, and the skipper's own, (N.B.—He lieth snoring in it, half doubled up, as I write this at midnight,) whilst that on the starboard is quite open, and is intended for *der Wandernde Vogel*. Fast seats run alongside the berths, and a shifting one crosses them in a line with the side of the table. Loaves of rye, kegs of butter, huge parcels of tobacco, coils of rope, Nor'westers, flasks of spirits, and an almost inexhaustible variety of miscellaneous articles, "too numerous to particularise," as an auctioneer would say, are crammed in every nook and corner. Suspended from a hook, in close proximity to

the stove, permanently hangs the captain's silver watch, a queer, old-fashioned thing, with the name of the maker, "Nelson, London,"\* staring you in the face. I say, permanently hangs, because, with the exception of once seeing Berthel Heinsen take it off to wind it up, I never beheld its place vacant. From the same hook are suspended a leathern shot-pouch, and a bulbous-shaped wooden powder-flask, the springs of each encrusted with rust; but I found they respectively held a considerable quantity of lead and of "villanous saltpetre." Their close proximity to the stove would be somewhat startling to a nervous person, but did not rob me of a single wink. Honest Berthel Heinsen probably holds the same opinion as Oliver Cromwell did respecting the propriety of keeping his powder dry. Overhead is an array of knives and forks, of all sorts and sizes, thrust into the interstices between a beam and the deck.

I will conclude my inventory by describing my bed. Its foundations were unbent sails, with accom-

\* It is a curious fact that, on examining the watches suspended in at least half-a-dozen watchmakers' shops in Kiel, I found that literally the majority of them were very old-fashioned ones, bearing the name of "Nelson, London." Verily, there must have been, at some remote period, an extraordinary importation of that maker's goods into the Baltic!



panying cordage. On these I was to repose, and for a covering there was a small feather-bed. The head of my bed, which went up to the stern, was raised tolerably high, and, on examination one morning, I found that this tumulus was composed of an old sail, a coil of ropes, two or three rye loaves, hard as stones, a cast-off pair of trousers, a Nor'wester, and a pillow to crown all. This was very well, and I had only two faults to find with the bed; one, that the size of the vessel did not permit it to be so long as I desired, and the other, that my over-all feather-bed only reached from my feet to my waist. I easily remedied the latter defect, by employing my cloak on a service it had so often performed before.

There, reader! if you have not now a sufficient idea of our cabin, it is not my fault. We had a forecastle as well; but, as that was the exclusive domain of the one man, and he had only just room to turn in it, I won't intrude on him.

In person the skipper was a stout, red-faced, good-looking man, of about five-and-forty years of age, somewhat stolid in expression, and exquisitely deliberate in all his movements; but, as he wore ear-rings, shaved closely, adorned his cabin with a mirror some three inches square, and smoked, in a

long pipe, certain tobacco which never paid duty, and was "the best under the sun"—(this must be true, for it was so asserted on the package thereof in no less than three languages—Latin, French, and Dutch)—probably he had been a bit of a Baltic dandy in his younger days. His factotum was one Lars Andersen, a lively and most pleasant-looking old sea-dog, of sixty or upwards; so good-humoured, simple, and kind; so contented, cheerful, and self-denying, that my heart really warmed towards him from the first moment of our acquaintance.

As soon as I was on board, the vessel unmoored, and spread her light wings. We sailed till the "sma' hours," and then came to an anchor, the captain proposing to return to Kiel in the morning, to take in more cargo, provided the fiord was not frozen in the night—an anticipation, the great probability of which had induced him to leave harbour over night. We closely passed the mouth of the fiord leading up to Eckenförde, a name which, a few months ago, sounded through the world for the first, and, perhaps, the last time, in consequence of the attempt made by the Danish line-of-battle ship, "Christian VIII," and the steam-frigate "Gefion," to destroy the German

batteries planted on the shore there, and commanded by the brother of Prince Albert. The result of that enterprise was that the "Christian VIII" took ground, and begged a truce for an hour or two. At its expiration, she was riddled with red-hot balls, and blew up and sunk; five hundred of her crew perishing with her. The captain escaped, and I met with him at Copenhagen. He has a twin brother, also a commodore in the Danish navy. The "Gefion" was captured, and her name has been changed to Eckenförde.

In the course of the night I was awakened by the grinding of floating masses of ice against the sides of the vessel; and the skipper sprang—no, that is wrong, for I do not suppose his powers of locomotion equal to such a feat—rolled (that is the word) out of his berth, and went on deck, to "take an observation." The visitation soon passed; but occasionally stray pieces of ice struck us until morning. The air which came into the cabin through the ill-fitting doorway was piercingly cold, and the cup of steaming coffee which good old Lars brought me at daybreak, was verily welcome. After quaffing it, I roused out of my berth, and went on deck. The scene there was neither extended nor remarkably inviting, yet,

from its novelty, had interest for me. Hoar frost, at least an inch thick, totally unlike anything of the kind seen in Britain, and resembling nothing so much as the sweet substance confectioners call "snow," coated vessel and rigging. Not a sound was to be heard, save the startling scream of passing wild-birds, and the gentle ripple of the water against the cable. A dense vapour arose from the surface of the fiord (a proof of the intensity of the cold), and closely shrouded us. We burned no light on deck, neither now nor at any subsequent period during the voyage; and certainly had any vessel of size come looming upon us, down the bonny *Enigheetns Minde* must have gone, and the reader would, probably, have been spared the trouble of perusing these "Pictures."

I danced, extempore, very original *pas seuls* on deck, and sang Burns' songs, for a long spell, to earn an appetite for breakfast, which consisted of black rye bread, butter, bacon, and liver fried in a "wee" iron pot; cold meat, rum, and *brændiviin*; a breakfast fit for a prince, let me tell you!—that is, supposing his royal highness were afloat in the Baltic in a tiny bark. The rye-bread was so hard that it required a very powerful arm and sharp

knife to cut it, and had a sour taste; but I speedily grew to like it very much, and used to munch it with infinite relish. The *brandiviin* is a species of brandy, made from wheat. It looks precisely like water, and has a most peculiar taste, and a strong earthy smell.

For dinner we had a species of "lobscouse," consisting of bacon, bread, potatoes, carrots, and I know not what other ingredients; and proud and smiling was the concoctor thereof when I told him how I enjoyed it. It was served up in a huge bowl, around which the trio of us sat, each with a light wooden spoon in hand, alternately dipping in the aforesaid vessel, and fishing in it for tit-bits. As to appetite! a single look at the face of that fine old Danish sea-cook, would have given a relish to any fare! No polished host in the world could have paid more constant and delicate attentions than did he to myself throughout the voyage. The amenity of his manner was indescribably winning, and it was the pure instinct of benevolence. Lars never heard of such a thing as etiquette in his life—but he was a perfect master of the etiquette of the heart! The skipper also, phlegmatic as he was, behaved with great kindness, and perhaps never paid more attention to anybody

in his life, than did he to the young English wanderer.

Having seen the yellow bottom of our bowl, we selected our knives and forks from their convenient receptacles overhead, and attacked the boiled beef, washing it down with rum, Danish beer, and a cup of steaming coffee, with barley-sugar, as a comfortable finisher. We were not afraid of mixing our liquids—not we! The beer in question has a singular smoky taste, but is very wholesome drink. Our meals throughout the voyage were much of the same description, varied occasionally by such a treat as bacon and apples fried together in an iron pot. Lars would beat Soyer hollow—on the Baltic! My messmates uttered exclamations of surprise and delight at the whiteness and excellence of some Edinburgh bread I gave them.

Every time I looked at poor Lars I thought that men would all like one another better were they brought into more direct and unreserved personal communion. Let the rich and the poor know and understand one another, and how amazingly would their heart-burnings be ameliorated! And thou, O novelist! sitting in flowered dressing-gown and embroidered cap, with slippers

heels resting on a parlour fender, and elbow on a table strewn with gaudily bound tomes and perfumed billets, while you gnaw the tip of your pen and ransack your brains for imaginary adventures—up! gird thy loins, and go into the remote places of the earth; there mix among the outcasts, the solitaires, the children of misfortune or of crime, and I promise that you will gather “facts stranger than fiction,” adventures more marvellous, complex, and thrilling, than the most teeming and vigorous imagination could conceive—characters of living flesh-and-blood such as Smollett never drew the equal of, and as even Shakspeare himself could not have delineated in more striking language than that in which they describe themselves! Although those whose bread and cup I was now sharing come not within this category, yet, what a character would Lars Andersen become in the hands of a man like Charles Dickens!

In the afternoon the mist cleared off as swiftly as though a curtain had been withdrawn, and revealed the shore, about half a mile distant, rising in lofty ranges of hills thickly clothed with trees, and houses perched here and there, and a snowy mantle over all. The scene glistened with magical beauty in the faint sunbeams, but in a few minutes

the lovely vision faded instantaneously, and nothing remained but a wall of mist to look at. Awhile after, a large steamer, bound for Kiel, passed us close, ringing her bell without intermission, but the sound penetrated such a little way through the fog that she loomed like a gigantic apparition within a biscuit throw, ere we knew of her existence, and I could not help thinking of what would have become of us, had we been lying directly in her track, a few hours later, when we should have been fast asleep, without light or look-out? Her crew could not possibly have seen our "wee" craft until in the very act of running us down.

A little before day-break next morning, we weighed anchor and spread the frozen sails, our skipper resolving to get away at all risk, lest his bonny craft should be in "icy fetters bound." The little boat was lowered from the davits, and Lars pulled a-head with a tow-line, whilst the skipper and myself wielded stowers to break the yet thin ice on either side the bows, to clear a channel for our passage. We soon got clear of ice, the sun shone pleasantly, and at noon were running before a strong wind far out in the Baltic. The latter, as the reader is aware, is a shallow and almost tideless sea, but it is very subject to dread-



ful storms. Its water is a light green colour, clear as crystal. Learned men assert that the bed of the Baltic rises several feet in the course of a century, and some attribute this to the expansive action of a vast subterraneous fire. The sturdy little craft pitched a good deal on the rough sea, but she made good headway till sunset, when the wind died away, and waves subsided as rapidly as they had risen. I swept the horizon from the mast-head, but not an object was in sight—no land, no vessel, not even a solitary *schiffsvogel*, and not a sound broke the dead silence save a slight rippling of the water under our stern. There was also a most palpable sudden change in the weather, which became “mild as May,” though during the past night it had been severe enough to convert the little cask of water on the fore-castle into solid ice, which by its expansive power had burst out one end of the cask.

About midnight a little wind sprang up again, and Lars, placing a candle in the binnacle, seated himself on the cabin top, and grasping the tiller with his woollen-mitted hands, steered till three in the morning, when he dropped anchor in a calm. He weighed at day-break, and we ran before a good breeze. About noon we neared the first of

the archipelago of islets clustered around the extremity of Fünen, and had an interesting sail as they were threaded. Sometimes we were almost within hailing distance of their shores, which presented an uniform swampy-looking aspect, very little above the level of sea, and occasionally fringed with a few scattered willows, poplars, firs, dwarf-birch, beech, &c., all having a miserably stunted appearance. Dotted up and down, were cosy-looking cottages neatly thatched with coarse straw or reeds, their sides invariably whitewashed, and boasting five or six windows a-row. Many little eminences—and a mole-hill sufficed to make one!—were crowned with windmills whirling merrily round. The snow had now melted away from the general surface, and only left “rucks” in shady spots, so that the well cultivated fields could be seen, stretching down in some places to the water’s edge.

In the evening (Saturday) we came to anchor in the Bay of Svendborg, and while sails were furling and supper preparing, I read “The Cotter’s Saturday Night,” and thought of auld lang syne, and “Them that’s awa.” Ah’s me! where are ye, my friends of old? Some, thought I, are at this moment seated around their English

hearths, some are ayont the saut sea, wanderers,  
perchance, like myself, and some are in Heaven !

Scattered here—scattered there—

O'er sea and land ;

Not two together anywhere,

Of all our band !

Heigho ! what a thing is life ! Exactly six months ago as this day, where was I ? Stricken with the deadly cholera, I was in a Paris hospital, stretched on a couch whence none ever thought I should rise again, and literally thousands were dying around me—priest and warrior, diplomatist and philosopher, prince and peasant, believer and infidel. Yet I lingered on, a miracle, as it were, of God's mercy, and I left that great receptacle of human misery, the first patient carried out again alive during many days. Half a year has sped, and where am I now ? Afloat in a secluded bay, the very existence of which is almost unknown beyond its own locality, and instead of the feverish hum of the most splendid, most restless, and most wicked city in the world, sounding through the casement of my sick room, I am seated here, powerful in body and hopeful in spirit, listening to the harmless ripples of the waves as they rise against our bark, and fancying them kisses wel-

coming it home again to its native waters ;—instead of being thrilled with the perpetual groans of the dying nigh unto me, I hear the lusty hail and response exchanged between my shipmates and some passing craft;—and instead of the solemn visit of the medical staff and the shaven priest, here comes the ever-smiling, heart-cheering face of good old Lars with smoking supper in his hands !

The next morning was Sunday, and I turned out early to have a look at our whereabouts. We lay half-a-mile from the shore, and in the centre of the bay, which is of a semicircular shape, formed by two long low islands called *Taasinge* and *Thorö*, lying across its mouth just like a string to a bow, and thus leaving two entrances. The town of Svendborg has three or four thousand inhabitants, and looked very pretty from our anchorage, with its whitewashed houses and windmills, and two most extraordinary-looking churches—also whitewashed. The shores were wooded with beech, fir, &c. At the quays lay half-a-dozen brigs and schooners, and many little fishing and trading boats were sailing in and out. Such would be my prospect for this and the following day, which I must pass in quarantine—a thing much complained of by all travellers, but in my humble opinion both

a wise and humane precaution. It is, at any rate, a fact that Denmark has never been visited by cholera—but Sweden and Norway both have. At night our worthy skipper treated us to a famous bowl of rum punch, over which we long sat, hob-a-nobbing like gude auld cronies, and all solemnly, “burning our idols” till our individual proportions grew almost invisible. Before turning in for the night we had a tramp on deck, and although it was only a fisherman’s walk—“three steps and overboard”—the evening was so deliciously fresh and mild, that I have trod moonlit terraces with far less enjoyment. A few lights gleamed over the water from Svendborg, and the deep baying of watch-dogs distinctly broke the otherwise perfect silence. I felt most reluctant to go below.

We had bitter wind and snow the next morning, and great flocks of sea-birds hovered slowly around. I somewhat astonished my friend Lars by merrily running up and down our rattlins, and singing at the mast-head—probably something about “a sweet little cherub sits smiling aloft, to guard the life of poor Jack!” In the shrouds was fastened a very curious and primitively-fashioned augur, or fish-spear.

At noon a Custom-house boat hailed us, and the

officer informed me I might land that night. Between seven and eight o'clock P.M., an official boarded us in a skiff, and after examining the skipper's papers and my passport, obligingly offered me a passage to shore with him. Heartily shaking honest Berthel Heinsen by the hand, I went on deck, calling for Lars. Warm was my farewell of this true specimen of nature's nobility! When I was seated in the stern sheets of the skiff, the worthy skipper leant over his bulwarks to once more shake my fist, and then, our little spritsail being let fall, the tiny boat flew through the water with hardly an inch of dry side, and in a few moments the *Enigheetns Minde* was left far astern, but long as sight availed, my hat was waved in farewell adieu to her crew.

Blessings on thee, my old shipmate, Lars Andersen! Thou wert nursed in a rude cradle, Lars, with the roar of the Baltic for a lullaby; and thy life has been spent amidst wild scenes, and dangers, and toils; but what would have deadened the heart and blunted the sensibilities of some, has only softened and quickened thine! Thy hand, Lars, is horny and hard as the deck thou treadest, but it has penned an autograph which I treasure within the leaves of my Bible, and I have wrung it with

infinitely greater fervour than I would the velvet paw of many to whom the world servilely bows down! I have sat at good men's tables, Lars, and I also know what it is to fare sumptuously in gorgeous halls, with pliant menials at my back, observant to anticipate my slightest requirement, and smiling beauty by my side, and ruby wine before me, and sparkling wit echoing from refined lips around; and I have broken bread with men under most conceivable circumstances; but I say unto thee, that never did I more thoroughly enjoy myself than in thy genial companionship, over the coarsest fare, in that dark little cabin! Rather would I share thy "dry morsel and quietness therewith," than dwell in a house full of sacrifices, with strife! Rather would I quaff water from thy earthenware cup, than sip nectar from the purple Emperor's golden chalice! Few were the words we could interchange, Lars, but our eyes held eloquent converse. We were born far apart, Lars, but we are children of one family, of one father—we are brethren in spirit and in truth. On earth we probably shall never interchange greetings more, Lars, but there is a world beyond the skies, where dwelleth our Father, and there do I fervently trust to meet thee again. Blessings on thee, Lars

Andersen! gentle as thy own nature be the sunset of thy span, and may some fond hand close thine eyes, and some affectionate soul bedew thine humble turf with tears a monarch is too poor to buy!



## CHAPTER V.

## SVENDBORG TO COPENHAGEN.

A VERY few minutes sailing brought us to the low quay, and I lightly stepped on to Denmark Proper. It is always an interesting moment in our lives when we for the first time set foot in a new country, to us, individually, just discovered, and I deeply felt the truth which Goldsmith, who well knew what it was to "traverse realms alone," enunciated, when he exclaims in his noble "Traveller,"

"Creation's heir, the world—the world is mine!"

I was exceedingly struck, as I walked through the streets, by the prodigious number of windows every house contained; the lower parts in some instances, actually seemed all glass. Even the

“stud and mud” cottages in the outskirts, had their rows of windows in some instances not eighteen inches apart. Nothing in the appearance of this and the other towns I visited on my journey towards the capital, struck me so much as this peculiar and pleasant feature, for surely the light of heaven is a priceless boon and blessing, and I would rather anything in my own land were taxed than light. Many a little cot in Denmark has more glaziers’ work about it, than a substantial house of three or four stories in Great Britain.

I was conducted to the hotel, where I spent a pleasant evening in the society of a number of the townsmen, one or two of whom spoke a little French and English. I was most forcibly impressed, as I looked at the company, by the striking resemblance of their countenances and persons, to those of my own countrymen. Excepting two or three bearded military men, I am sure that, judging by mere looks, no one would have imagined he was in any other company than one composed of respectable middle-class Englishmen, but their manners were certainly more polished and free, and they had none of that *mauvaise*

*honte* and awkwardness that want of mixing much in public imparts to so many otherwise gentlemanlike Englishmen. I involuntarily made the same observation on all other companies. I met with subsequently.

I secured a place in the ordinary *persons-poste* which left the next morning for Roeskilde, which is within sixteen English miles of Copenhagen, paying in advance, and receiving a written ticket and receipt. The charge was extremely moderate, being only about fourteen shillings English, luggage included. No fee whatever is expected by the drivers, or by the steward of the packet across the Great Belt, and when the traveller has secured his place, he has no further anxiety of any kind, his luggage being responsibly forwarded either by the carriage in which he is seated, or by some other on the route.

At four o'clock the next morning, after swallowing a cup of coffee with delicious frozen cream, I seated myself in a low, light, four-wheeled vehicle, drawn by two horses abreast, the front part much resembling an English stage-coach, except that the seat behind the driver only accommodated two passengers, which, with a single seat by his

side, made up the complement. The body of the carriage was fashioned like a shallow, shelving-sided cart, and in it the luggage and goods were placed, and covered with a tarpaulin.

We were long clearing the town. Twisting and turning from street to street, and lane to lane, the *poste* rolled onwards, and when the last straggling row of houses was cleared, the cutting blast which came from the wintry Baltic, forcibly announced that the open country was gained, and the wind blew strongly from that quarter all the way to Nyborg. The fellow-traveller by my side must have been an old stager, for he secured the leeward seat. I looked at him several times with a view to address him, but he was so muffled up in his fur coats and cap, that only just the tip of his nose and a corner of his mouth were visible, whence issued clouds of the weed he was consuming in a long pipe. The driver wore a red coat and had a bugle horn, which he blew as we approached the villages. The country, as we advanced, was more thickly covered with snow, and was a dead, level, treeless land, without the least sign of the picturesque about its physical outlines. The roadside cottages were few and far

between, and the scene in the gloom preceding daybreak (which did not happen till about 9 A.M.) was wild, desolate, and melancholy.

I noticed on the road a simple and efficient substitute for toll-bar gates, in the shape of a beam of wood balanced across a low post by the side of the road. The short end of the beam was heavily weighted with stones, so that when the chain which was attached to the other extremity to hold it down in a horizontal position across the road was withdrawn, it instantly rose high in the air, and permitted the passage of the vehicle. The driver had frequently to blow hearty blasts on his bugle, ere he aroused the slumbering bar-keepers to come forth and loose the chain.

About noon we arrived at Nyborg, a town of two or three thousand inhabitants, situated on the edge of the Great Belt, and here I staid until nightfall, waiting for the steamer which crosses over to Corsöer, in the island of Siælland, or, as we call it, Zealand, on the eastern side of which is Copenhagen. The town of Nyborg is a considerable military station, and has some foreign trade. My passage across the Belt, which is only nine English miles wide between the two towns, proved stormy enough, and we were an extraor-

dinary time about it—the sea sweeping our decks handsomely.

At Corsöer I remained a couple of hours or less, and then resumed my land journey in the same fashion as before. It was a glorious night, the stars shining with intense brilliancy, although at times the whole face of the heavens would become obscured almost instantaneously. Sharp but transient snow-storms also occasionally occurred, and the wintry blast was truly bitter, piercing to the marrow of one's bones. Notwithstanding this, I can honestly avow that I enjoyed the romance of the affair, and being determined to keep my tongue from freezing at any rate, I howled forth at the utmost stretch of my lungs every song I could recollect, and with very commendable impartiality as to subject, for I solemnly trolled "God save our gracious Queen!" one moment, and the next vociferated the "Marseillaise!" Although I surely have "music in my soul," and devotedly love the concord of sweet sounds, both vocal and instrumental, I know about as much of the science of either as a New Zealander does. Heaven help me! I could far more easily furl the main-royal in the darkest stormy night, than properly turn over the leaves

of a music-book for a young lady at the piano; and far more easily pull stroke-oar in chase of a whale, than join in a drawing-room duet. Rude enough, therefore, was my singing, and not one word did either of my companions understand, but they readily caught the spirit, and chorussed some guttural songs of Fatherland.

On we travelled the whole night, with little interruption, except a bait of a couple of hours at a village one stage short of Ringstead; and a most delicious supper did I there partake of. One of my present fellow-travellers was a young Danish soldier, who showed me, with commendable pride, the cross and silver medal he had received for good conduct in the celebrated action with the Prussians at the siege of Fredericia, in Jutland, in 1848. I thought that England might take a profitable lesson from Denmark regarding this laudably prompt distribution of medals for military services. Recently this class of decorations was given by England to the few survivors of a battle fought in the Peninsula full forty years ago. If they deserved a medal at all, the veterans in question had as much right to it at the expiration of forty weeks as of forty years, and probably nine-tenths of all entitled to receive it, descended

to the tomb uncheered by the hardly-won meed. They "order these matters differently" in Denmark.

At 9 A.M., I arrived at Roeskilde, an exceedingly ancient old town, and formerly of high importance as the seat of government. It possesses a brick cathedral, in the vaults of which the kings of Denmark are interred. After a stay here of some hours, I left by railway for Copenhagen. This is the only line in Denmark Proper, and seems exceedingly well ordered. During my subsequent residence, much discussion took place in the newspapers, respecting the propriety of establishing electric telegraphs in various parts of the country, but I believe the project died away. The fare which I paid for a seat in a first-class carriage, was little more than the price by the English Parliamentary trains, but I was astonished to find that the gentlemen in the same carriage with me smoked pertinaciously all the way. Indeed, the Scandinavians generally smoke anywhere and everywhere without any notion of impropriety.

At length, then, after eleven days of varied voyaging, I reached Copenhagen. We have now, good reader, got a little acquainted with each



other, and I trust you already conclude that, be my shortcomings what they may, I am not one of that numerous and detestable tribe, the *Grumbling Travellers!* I am ever "contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair," and endeavour to see a sun in every cloud that lowers over me. The true philosophy of life's enjoyment lies in a nutshell—

"Your merry heart goes all the way,

Your sad one tires in a mile-a."

## CHAPTER VI.

## GENERAL IMPRESSIONS OF COPENHAGEN.

LET us perfectly understand one another, reader. If you imagine that I am about to give you a full, true, and particular account of all the lions in the city—to enumerate, in guide-book fashion, the thousand-and-one remarkable buildings, and to dwell, with stupifying minuteness, on the contents of museums, churches, palaces, arsenals, and so forth, I give you fair warning that you will be grievously disappointed. Such dreary rule-and-square drudgery would of itself fill a huge quarto volume, and even then the subject would be far from being exhausted. I only profess to notice such striking external objects, and such general traits of manners, as come immediately under my personal observation or inquiry, and can be correctly described by a stranger; for it would be

absurd presumption to affect to write aught of higher pretension on the strength of a few months' residence. Nothing but a very long sojourn, a perfect familiarity with the manners of the people, and a thorough knowledge of the language, would enable an Englishman authoritatively and fully to depict life in the capital of Denmark, and to illustrate it pleasingly with 'legendary lore.\* My object, so far as Copenhagen is concerned, is to give a tolerably clear and faithful general idea of the place and people, with notices of a few objects of really surpassing interest; and happy shall I be if my humble sketches prove instrumental in creating a desire on the part of the public for a work of the description above spoken of.

At the time I pen this, I am familiar with the external features of nearly every part of Copen-

\* I know only one gentleman who eminently possesses all these qualifications, and I have strongly and repeatedly urged him to write a work on the subject, which could hardly fail to be replete with interest. I allude to Mr. Charles Beckwith, who has distinguished himself here by his Danish works, and is favourably known to the English public, by his translations of his friend Hans Christian Andersen's "Bazaar," "Rambles in the Hartz Mountains," "Two Baronesses," &c.

hagen, and feel sufficiently qualified, therefore, to give one man's humble but honest impressions of its salient features and general characteristics. So sensitive are nearly all men to the *first sight* of both cities and individuals, that sometimes the most intimate subsequent acquaintance fails to change the originally intensely vivid conception, no matter whether it is right or wrong. Undoubtedly, many a traveller who glances for the first time at a landscape bathed in golden sunlight, or who first visits a city when it is unusually prosperous, gay, and splendid, is impressed with a correspondingly exaggerated notion of the beauty of the one, and the attractions of the other. But let him first see the same landscape when a black storm is lowering over it, and first see the same city when its commerce is depressed, and its dwellers spiritless—his opinion would be just the reverse. And yet that opinion would, in either case, be an erroneous one. For my own part, I have a singular affection for the road or street by which I may first enter a strange city; and however long I may afterwards sojourn there, and however humble or uninteresting in itself the road or street in question may be, I afterwards tread it with greater pleasure, and more

frequently than any other. It happened that I entered Copenhagen in a way by no means calculated to bias my impressions, and yet the very first time I trod its streets I imbibed opinions concerning it which every day's acquaintance only more strongly confirms.

Copenhagen (in Danish, Kjöbenhavn) contains about one hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants, and is situated on the Sound, about nine English miles distant from the nearest point of the opposite coast of Sweden. It is as flat a place as can well be conceived, nor are there any elevated grounds very near it. The view of Copenhagen from the sea is very striking, owing to its having on the west side an enormous mass of dockyards, forts, batteries, &c. It is inclosed with ramparts, elevated to a considerable height, and forming delightful walks planted with trees. There are also beautiful promenades in other parts of the city. Many parts of the town are intersected with canals.

Copenhagen is emphatically a city of palaces, of museums, and of public buildings. This is its distinctive feature, and to appreciate it fully, nothing but a personal visit will suffice. No person of ordinary intelligence can walk through it with-

out, at every step, exclaiming—THIS IS A CAPITAL! The number of grand edifices belonging to the State are truly astonishing, and yet, taking the city all through, there is not one erection of extraordinary grandeur—not a palace, not a church, not a square, which will bear comparison with those of many other cities. It is true that some of the Government buildings are of amazing extent, and are well built; but, generally speaking, they are essentially plain in their architecture, and exhibit little grandeur of conception. Some of the churches are very extraordinary erections, and contain paintings and sculptures (especially the latter) of inestimable value. There are theatres, a very grand casino, and many places of exhibition. The generality of the streets are narrow, and the people are surprisingly mixed up with the carriages, on the middle of the road, in the narrowest streets; but as no vehicle is allowed by law to drive at a greater rate than one Danish mile (about four and a-half English) per hour, accidents rarely occur. The houses have all a substantial and yet a light appearance, owing to the great number of their windows. Some are lofty, especially those facing the ramparts. Although there is not one truly

grand street in Copenhagen, there are astonishingly few mean ones. Nearly every street throughout the city is at least respectable. You will search in vain for those dirty, dismal, fetid, sweltering alleys and courts common to all English towns; and you will look equally in vain for any of those repulsive street scenes common in the latter. Beggars are certainly not unknown here, but they are exceedingly few—no miserable objects in rags and tatters ever disgust the eye; and never yet have I met a drunken man in Copenhagen, although I have traversed it at all hours.

There is no lack, as I shall hereafter show, of in-door gaiety in Copenhagen; but the general aspect of the city, to a foreigner accustomed to the stunning bustle of English towns, is decidedly dull. Partly, this arises from the very little show the shops make, the comparatively trifling business traffic in the streets, and also from the leisurely habits of the people themselves. The fact is, the Danes have *not yet learned to live in a hurry*; but, although they are “slow,” they are steady and sure; although they are a century behind England in many of the leading improvements of the age, they are more than a century ahead of Eng-

land in generally diffused plenty and comfort; and although they do not gallop through life as though for a wager, they know how to enjoy it rationally. My countrymen! I scorn to flatter you—what I here say may be unpalatable to some among you, but it is true.



## CHAPTER VII.

THE EXIT OF THE OLD YEAR, AND THE ENTRANCE OF  
THE NEW YEAR, AT COPENHAGEN.

CHRISTMAS EVE! Yes, it hath come again, and as *der Wandernde Vogel* sitteth all alone, whither have his thoughts fled? Listen for his heart is very full, and out of that fullness will he speak.

“There is a vision fills this foreign air;” o’er land and ocean does my ken pierce, and I read one word, traced as it were, by an angel’s pen, in the Heaven beyond—yea, one word only, and that word is—HOME! Vividly do I picture to myself my old paternal hearth, and the family circle assembled around it. There is a vacancy on which the eyes of father and of mother are fixed as on a sacred spot. What “fills the place of their absent child?” Search thy own heart, reader, and probe not mine! Throughout the length and breadth of old Eng-

land at this moment, what re-unions are taking place! Children, who have been scattered far and wide, are once more assembled beneath their parent's roof, and tears of joy are dropping from aged eyelids, and kisses of welcome are being exchanged, and words of love and gladness are sweetly showering around. I see, I feel, I hear all this—I, the lonely *Wandernde Vogel*, who am far away in person, but present in spirit. My soul throbs in sympathy, and from its very depth blesses them, and prays that theirs may indeed be a happy Christmas.

Cheerily, heart o' mine! and in fancy join the swelling chorus!

“Ho! ho! for Christmas!

By Island, Sea, and Isthmus!

There's no old boy brings so much joy,

As jolly, holly Christmas!”

To-morrow will be Christmas Day! O, ye visiting winds! bear the glad tidings east, west, north, and south, and tell every land, clime, and people, to cast aside all troubles, and be happy on that thrice blessed day! O, ye birds o' the air! 'whisper to those who call themselves Christians, and bid them, ere they prepare to spend their Saviour's natal day, to look around, and, remembering the precepts He

inculcated on earth, gratefully and gladly give of their abundance, that their poor brethren also may fittingly celebrate that glorious advent. Bid them cheer the sad heart—raise the drooping head—heal the bruised spirit—clothe the shivering naked—fill the hungry with good things—and teach all to join in fervent gratitude to the Great Giver of every gift. Bid them do this, and, even on earth, assuredly they will have their reward.

Christmas-tide is looked forward to in Denmark as the great national holiday of the year. There is no extraordinary display heralding it in the shops, nor any outward indication whatever of its approach; but from Christmas Eve to New Year's Day, both inclusive, is one period of general recreation and good-will among all classes. There are no very peculiar customs observed in Copenhagen on New Year's Eve—at any rate, none requiring particular mention.

On Christmas-day I was one of a happy party met to keep the anniversary in true Danish fashion, It was a delightful family re-union; the guests, with few exceptions, being more or less akin. The hour at which all tradesmen dine in Copenhagen is one o'clock, but professional people and the upper classes dine at three, which was the usual dinner

hour of my friends in question, although on this occasion we did not sit down to the hospitable board till between four and five. As I then glanced around, I truly thought the scene worthy of the genial pencil of Kenny Meadows, for he alone, of all artists whom I know, would have caught its peculiar inspiration; and, by a few bold strokes, have graphically delineated it with a masterly pencil. At the upper end were seated the venerable grand-parents; and, as I watched their gentle smile, and the mildly-beaming lustre of their glance, I thought I could read a volume of placid happiness—an eloquent, though silent expression of their gratitude to the Supreme Giver for thus permitting them once more to enjoy the Day of Days in the midst of their friends, their children, and their children's children. Towards the centre of the table sat our host, and nearly opposite him presided his accomplished lady—*der Wandernde Vogel* being honoured with the seat at her right hand.

There were many charming bright blue-eyed Danish lasses, and some of the loveliest children I ever beheld. Indeed, our hostess's eldest child, a little girl three years of age, was the most beautiful and engaging creature conceivable.

Her liveliness presented a strong contrast to the bearing which I have elsewhere ascribed to the generality of Danish children. I forthwith christened her Fairy Queen, and never do I visit her parents' house without absolutely enjoying a kiss from her rosy lips, God bless her ! She is the petted favourite of not only myself, but also of another mateless *Wandernde Vogel*—even one Hans Christian Andersen, who will play with her for hours, and can enter into the very spirit of her infantine delights. 'Tis his nature, and a guileless nature too ! “Blessed is he whose hand prepareth a pleasure for a child !” and he whose nature assimilates itself to that of little children, is verily nearest Heaven.

There was nothing deserving especial notice in the dinner itself, which mightily resembled an English one, down to the huge boiled plum-pudding, which, “let me whisper i' your lug,” was capitally concocted by an elderly English lady. A touching national trait came under my observation at the conclusion of the dinner. The two little children of the host ran to him and said, “*Thank you for my dinner !*” This is the constant custom of Danish children every day. A few appropriate toasts were given by our host, and each guest—

ladies as well as gentlemen—bowed to each individual present in succession, ere they drained their glasses. On the company rising simultaneously from table; another national custom was strictly followed. The guests of both sexes shook hands all round, saying at the same time, “*Vel bekomme Dem;*” which literally means, “*Good may it do you!*” But those guests who were previously unacquainted merely bowed to each other. This is a custom observed at all dinner parties throughout the year.

We adjourned *en masse* to the drawing-room, and certain whispers and movements intimated to me that something was in preparation likely to give me a pleasant surprise. Nor was I long kept in suspense, for the word came to “follow our leader,” and away the entire fleet of us gaily scudded, pell-mell, towards another room; and, on sailing in, the secret was revealed at a single glance.

THE DANISH CHRISTMAS TREE! Yes, there it towered in all its glory—with its countless sparkling lights, and its dangling tickets. Beautiful, exceedingly, was the novel effect. A buzz of admiration burst from all lips, and bright eyes grew brighter, and smiling cheeks grew more

radiant, and prattlers prattled faster, and little feet danced around with irrepressible joyous excitement.

Let me soberly describe the Christmas Tree. It was a beautiful living specimen of a species of evergreen pine, growing in a tub placed in the centre of the room. It was about nine or ten feet in height, and its horizontal branches symmetrically stretched around, shooting out widely at the base, and gradually lessening until the apex was formed by the straight single stem. In the branches were fastened scores of various-coloured wax lights, placed in wire-holders, and from root to top were suspended pasteboard tickets, each inscribed with a certain number. Interspersed were gilded apples, bunches of grapes and raisins, nuts, figs, &c., to be plucked by the company at pleasure.

The host armed himself with a pair of scissors, and calling upon us to aid him in finding the successively numbered tickets, as the latter were purposely mingled in pleasing confusion, he commenced operations by clipping off number one. This he delivered to the guest whose name it bore, and he, in turn, presented it to the hostess, who was the presiding Good Genius at a large and long table, completely covered with articles of all sizes,

mysteriously muffled in paper, so that it was impossible even to guess what their contents might be. These were the *prizes*, each having a number answerable to some particular ticket, to indicate to whose share the corresponding prize was to fall. Having found the article bearing the duplicate number, the office of the Good Genius was smilingly to deliver the parcel to him or her, as the case might be. The fortunate party would then forthwith eagerly tear off the wrappers, and exultingly exhibit the prize to the company.

The prizes consisted of every conceivable variety of articles, and, by what I esteemed marked good taste, were in most cases, not merely ornamental, but useful: not a few of them were elegant and expensive light articles of dress. Neither host nor hostess knew what all the prizes were, nor what would fall to their own personal share; for those which they designed for each other were privately deposited among the collection, and ticketed at the last moment.

Number after number was found and called, and prize after prize delivered; and such a gleeful, busy, rattling, chattering, happy set as we all were, never was seen since the world began to make merry, I will take my affidavit. There was



at least one prize for every body—from grandsire to the wee todlin' bairnie of only eighteen months of age, which, with more than the usual precociousness of Copenhagen infants could run about and talk as well as many English ones thrice as old. Dear reader, it would have gladdened the very soul of the sourest misanthrope to have seen us! The silver-haired grand-parents, the black-bearded fellows like myself, the gold-laced officer, the charming, bonnie, sonsie lassies—all *were children!* Oh, the glorious fun, the frolic, the exuberant bursts of laughter—now echoing in the deep bass of manly voices, and anon in the silvery ringing melody of the “sister seraph-band!” Sometimes a prize would turn up designedly of a description to create a peal of cordial merriment at the expense of its owner—in which he himself could not but irresistibly join.

And, pray, what prizes did *der Wandernde Vogel* get? No less than three. My first was particularly acceptable—a beautiful portrait of Hans Christian Andersen, the gift of my host, who well knew I should treasure it. My second prize was—a *Danish wife!* Hear that, ye listening Daughters of England! and oh, ye Sons of England! question not concerning her, but

believe me I only wish each of *you* may live to win that prize of prizes—a *Danish wife*! Unto whom my gratitude is due for this priceless gift, I deplore I am even yet profoundly ignorant. My third prize was a beautiful penholder (in use at this moment), the gift of the Good Genius. Be assured *der Wandernde Vogel* did not neglect o then and there warmly salute her, and to assure her that he would never use it to write aught inimical to the cause of virtue.

The last prize was that magical number, ninety-nine; and it appropriately fell to the share of the Good Genius herself—a fitting reward for her graceful labours. She had not the remotest idea what it was, and closely did we circle round her as she detached fold after fold of paper. At length a square case appeared, and on its lid being raised, the prize was revealed in the shape of a beautiful new gold watch—a present from her husband. Her delight only equalled her surprise at this well-timed gift, and clinging was the fond kiss with which she tearfully acknowledged it. The entire distribution of prizes occupied nearly two hours.

The Christmas Tree is a genuine old Danish affair, looked forward to by the young with in-

conceivable expectation. The gifts it distributes vary in value, of course, with the rank and wealth of the host, and sometimes they are of so costly a nature that the aggregate value of the prizes amounts to a very large sum. I ought to observe that, on the occasion in question, an improvement on the ordinary custom of distributing the prizes was effected, but in all other respects the orthodox usage was rigidly observed. Indeed my kind friend afterwards told me that he had got up his Christmas Tree with extraordinary precision, expressly to give me an opportunity of beholding a perfect specimen. His end and aim were fully answered, and I shall look back to the occasion as one of the most delightful of my reminiscences.

And now, reader o' mine—thou who feelest that “religion never was designed to make our pleasures less”—surely thou wilt heartily shout with me, Hurrah for the brave old Danish Christmas Tree! Long may it flourish to gladden the true and gentle-hearted, both old and young! Long may it rear itself, the emblematic dispenser of bounty and benevolence—the fitting medium of affectionate offerings—the kindly cementer of friendship and love!

The remainder of the evening was spent by the

younger portion of the company in playing curious Danish games, of which there are an immense variety. One was, I believe a very antique kind of "mystery," founded on the Scripture parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins—candles being borne by the young ladies to represent lamps. As I gazed at the innocent and animated groups around me, I muttered aloud the exquisite expression of Goldsmith's *Vicar*:—"As some men by nature admire the gaudy colours of a tulip or a butterfly's wing, so I by nature am an admirer of happy faces." And then the laugh of the little ones! Oh, what music can vie with the laugh of a child "fresh from the hand of God?" Surely none on earth: and we know that children's voices blend with those of seraphs and of morning stars, as they chaunt the hymn of Love and Light, before the throne of the Lamb.

The whole of the guests departed together, and as we grouped at the last moment, all united to sing a Danish Christmas Song; and as the sweet voices of the virgin singers blended in the touching chorus of "*Juul, Juul*," it sounded to me like a strain of delicious melody—like an echo of a hymn caught from heaven in my childhood's

hours, and now once more floating back on my soul, to remind me of the holy time when I was pure and undefiled in the sight of my Creator. So ended my Christmas Day in Copenhagen; and if thou, O reader, anywhere passed a happier, I can only say it must have been a foretaste of Elysium itself!

The week succeeding Christmas is, as I have already said, an universal holiday. It is true the shops are open, but no business worth mentioning is transacted, and the streets swarm with well-dressed people. I was particularly invited to a brilliant party on New Year's Day, but circumstances beyond my control compelled me most reluctantly to fail in my promise to attend. The assembly only separated at three o'clock on the ensuing morning, but my disappointment was materially mitigated by a knowledge that, as there were no peculiar national customs worthy of note in the observance of this day, my presence would not have enabled me to have taken any sketches for my English friends. But where and how did I spend the New Year's Eve? To tell you the exact truth, reader, I was labouring in your own service—painting these "Pictures." But although I ever feel it a proud privilege to hold communion

with you, yet on this occasion my hand dragged heavily over the paper, and I daubed rather than painted. Marvel not: for solemn extraneous thoughts were thronging my brain. As the midnight hour drew nigh, I ceased my task altogether; and then commenced the heavy and continuous explosions of guns and cannons in the court-yard which my windows overlook. This is a custom (now only partially observed in Copenhagen) of firing the Old Year Out, and the New Year In. At length, amid a profound silence, TWELVE boomed. Then my feelings flowed in a rapid current, and thus did my thoughts shape themselves:—

Aye, another year has ended, and I look backward and ask myself—What have I done worthy of remembrance during the past three-hundred-and-sixty-five days? What passion have I mastered?—what evil habit have I cast off?—what benefit have I conferred on my brother man? I am a year nearer the grave, but have I drawn one hair's breadth nearer my God? I have added daily, hourly, to my store of knowledge and experience, but have I become really wiser than I was at the past year's commencement?

What a year hath that past one been to me!

What joys and what sorrows, what triumphs and what humiliations, what luxuries and what privations, what warm friends and what bitter foes have I encountered during it! What thrilling and marvellously contrasted scenes have I gone through in those twelve fleeting months! No living being but myself knoweth, or ever shall know, all of them; and, truly, the events of my previous span of twenty-four years, put together, sink into insignificance compared with those crowded in that, my twenty-fifth!

And what will the New Year, now a few moments old, bring forth? And where shall I be the next New Year's Day? I know what the past has been—I know what the present is—but not one second of the future is revealed to me. Infinite is the wisdom, and infinite is the mercy, which ordains this impenetrable mystery of the future. Life would be unbearable were we conscious of the events which time has in store for us. And yet we are ever foolishly striving to peer through the divinely compassionate veil which bounds our purblind vision!

Thus I reflected, thus I reasoned; and in my soul I cried aloud—Up, heart! question not the future—enjoy the present: dwell only on the

pleasant memories of the past! There is only One who knoweth what the New Year will prove to thee; but thinkest thou that He who feedeth the young ravens when they call upon Him, and without whose divine will not a sparrow falleth to the ground—fearest thou that He will be unmindful of even the poor *Wandernde Vogel*, who ever hath perfect faith in His protecting arm?

And then my proud man's heart melted within me, and my eyes were wet, and my soul overflowed. I lowly bowed my head—preferred an unuttered, brief, and simple prayer—and sank into repose.



## CHAPTER VIII.

AN ANTICIPATION OF "THE WOMB OF TIME." ANENT COPENHAGEN CHILDREN, WOMANKIND, AND SIMILAR MATTERS OF NO INTEREST TO THE PHILOSOPHER.

I WILL anticipate what your fine writers call "the womb of Time"—though, as Washington Irving says, "Some folks would fain persuade us that Time is only an old gentleman." Thus it is: *Period*—this day twelvemonth. *Scene*—a London drawing-room. *Dramatis Personæ*—a matronly lady, her three unmarried daughters, and myself. *Der Wandernde Vogel* has just arrived in England, and made a morning call on his friends in question; whereupon the following dialogue ensues:—

MAMMA. But as to those horrid, narrow, slippery streets in Copenhagen, where the people on foot are all mixed up with the carriages, I shudder

to think of the number of dear little children who must be annually run over by them—by the carriages I mean!

WANDERND E VOGEL. Sheer wasted sympathy, madam. Never heard of dear little Copenhagen children being run over. Drivers wouldn't do such a thing for the world. Yet really there are no little children in Copenhagen.

OMNES. No little children! Oh!

WANDERND E VOGEL, (*very coolly*.) Remarkable fact. They are all miniature men and women. One look at them, as they soberly trudge along the streets, would satisfy you of that. Bless my heart! I have sometimes thought, as I gazed at their little faces, and their queer old-world attire, that they must be a separate race of Scandinavians, quite full grown, and only very diminutive. These little old men, my dear madam, may be daily seen trudging to school, with a thing very much resembling a soldier's knapsack, made of seal-skin with the hair on the outside, fastened neatly over their shoulders with a double strap. That is their *tournister*—their satchel; but they don't "creep like snails unwillingly to school," but go steadily towards it, neither hurrying nor loitering, but just with the aspect of plodding men of business

attending an appointment as a matter of course. And yet, when they are a little older, I am told they are "wild deevils" enough. And then the "women bairnies!" only mark their demure aspects, and I am sure you would never hesitate to entrust any one of them to go and do your marketings! As to the infants, from the very moment they can toddle about, they know how to behave "distinctly," as Dandie Dinmont would say.

PRETTIEST YOUNG LADY.—What insipid little creatures they must be! *I* love children who *are* children—full of life and glee, fun and frolic.

WANDERND VOGEL, (*emphatically*), So do I. but possibly mothers may view the matter in a different light. Think of what a world of trouble and anxiety must be spared the Copenhagen matrons, by the precocious gravity of their interesting offspring! No fear of their playing truant, or being lost in the streets, or rolling in gutters, or being brought home by some charitable individual, who has either fished them out of the canal, or dragged them from under a cart-wheel! What a comfort these sober-going, miniature men and women must be to their favoured parents! Ah! my dear young lady! perchance a few years hence you will have

reason to wish *yours* were like Copenhagen immortals !

*(Prettiest young lady turns rosy-hued, and poutingly remarks that she finds der Wandernde Vogel as impudent a fellow as ever, and wonders what country will eventually have the honour of teaching him manners. Whereupon eldest young lady modestly suggests "Timbuctoo,")*

MAMMA. But the dresses of the ladies ! What do they wear ?

WANDERND VOGEL. Gowns, my dear madam, and quite an extraordinary allowance of petticoats.

MAMMA. For shame, sir ! All I meant was. what is there peculiar in the fashion of their attire ?

WANDERND VOGEL. Nothing whatever madam, which would distinguish them from English ladies. They all dress with the utmost propriety and neatness, and I never noticed any slovenly or ill-dressed lady in Copenhagen. The countrywomen, indeed, are radiant in all the colours of the rainbow. The only thing that struck me as being remarkable was that elegant ladies promenaded in many instances in white satin bonnets and white lace veils, in the depth of winter. But then, even this harmonizes with the snow around !

ELDEST YOUNG LADY. I recently read in a book this passage about the the Danish ladies :—" Their complexion is dazzlingly white ; but upon the whole, their features are destitute of animation, and soon after twenty-five they begin to lose their charms." Now, is this correct, sir ?

WANDERND VOGEL. Fudge ! So far from their complexion being " dazzlingly white," I deliberately declare that in no country which I ever was in have I seen women, of all ranks, with complexions of a more agreeable cast. It is true their hue is not olive, like that of the Spanish dames ; nor brunette, like those of the south of France ; nor exactly of that beautifully blended red and white which peculiarly distinguishes our English ladies ; nor of such a deep crimson as the cheeks of a Nottinghamshire milk-maid ; but a clearer skin and a pleasanter roseate tint than most of them have, I would not wish to gaze upon. Some, indeed, have almost too much colour ; but I don't know whether I ever saw one whose complexion was " dazzlingly white," and at any rate such lady-birds form the exception, and not the rule. Again, as to losing their charms at an age when those of English ladies have actually not fully ripened—[*Der Wandernde Vogel* here bows to eldest young lady—never

mind *her* exact age—and she evidently lays the unction to her soul]—that also is erroneous. I admit that my experience is not ample enough to enable me to give a very positive denial on the subject, but I believe there is little foundation for the sweeping assertion. At any rate, I had the pleasure of being personally acquainted with Danish ladies who had undoubtedly passed the Rubicon in question, and I very much doubt whether their graces were even arrived at maturity. Bah! to talk in that way of their early fading charms is as great a libel as that wicked old calumny which assigns high cheek bones and a lathy figure to Scotch ladies! And as to the young Copenhagen charmers—those say about “sweet seventeen” or eighteen—they are as fascinating little baggages as ever——

MAMMA.—As ever smiled on *der Wandernde Vogel*, you were about to say?

WANDERND VOGEL.—Precisely, my dear madam; I thank you for the word.

PRETTIEST YOUNG LADY, (*impatiently tapping the carpet with her foot, and pouting more than ever.*)—Ah! you have been petted and smiled upon till you *won't* see any faults in your Danish beauties!

WANDERND VOGEL, (*tartly.*)—On principle I never seek for shades so long as I have sunbeams to bask in. But I must admit that the Danish ladies are guilty of one serious sin of omission.

OMNES, (*with intense interest.*)—Oh! What is that?

WANDERND VOGEL.—On second thoughts, I had better not tell, lest my next reception among them should be——

OMNES, (*coaxingly, and with tenfold eagerness.*)—Oh, do tell us!

WANDERND VOGEL.—It is rather a delicate matter, but to oblige you, and as it is in strict confidence, why—if it must out—THEY DON'T WEAR “BUSTLES!”

OMNES, (*with ineffable surprise, disgust, and indignation.*)—That is a naughty, shameful, wicked, dreadful, aggravating insinuation! Too bad for anything, really!

(*It is some time ere they recover their equanimity, and then the torture of cross-questioning—in which instinct itself makes all ladies so very ingenious—is resumed.*)

MAMMA.—Then you actually mean to say that the Danish ladies are unrivalled?

WANDERND E VOGEL.—Heaven forbid ! I have seen exquisitely beautiful women in every country. Even in France, which I place rather low in the scale, I knew one very lovely lady ; nay, to me she was a ministering angel, for she smoothed my pillow, and wiped my brow, and tended my couch, as I lay wrestling with the grim Cholera Fiend. When my heart ceases to beat, I shall forget her.

OMNES, (*with strongly aroused curiosity.*)—Oh, who was she ?

WANDERND E VOGEL.—A young married lady ; and, if the truth must be told, she was no other than——

OMNES.—Who ? Who ?

WANDERND E VOGEL.—An Englishwoman !\* But I am quite impartial in my admiration of the ladies of all nations. As dear Burns says—

“ Clear your decks ! here’s a’ the sex !

I love the jades for a’ that !”

PRETTIEST YOUNG LADY.—You are always quoting that wicked Burns ! You don’t know what remarks people make about it. They say—

SECOND YOUNG LADY, (*who is of a “ decidedly*

\* I may be permitted to add, that every opinion and incidental remark put into the mouth of *der Wandernde Vogel*, in this little colloquy, is strictly in adherence with truth.



*serious" temperament, and speaks in a sepulchral voice.)*—Would you have the goodness to tell us all about the Danish Lutheran sermons and burial rites?

PRETTIEST YOUNG LADY.—And all about the balls and drawing-rooms?

MAMMA.—And all about the betrothals and marriage ceremonies?

ELDEST YOUNG LADY.—And all about the christenings and—

*(Der Wandernde Vogel wildly stares round for the means of exit, and in a moment his place is vacant. The three daughters of England, constructed on Mrs. Ellis's latest model, utter some very pungent remarks on his characteristic departure.)*

MAMMA, *(with becoming dignity.)*—My dears, you must make some allowance for the behaviour of that exceedingly eccentric young man, when you recollect that he has so long wandered among those uncivilized Northern nations, which, in spite of what he says, are, I am morally sure, yet in a shockingly barbarous condition, both physical and spiritual!

## CHAPTER IX.

## DANISH LITERATURE AND LITERARY MEN.

THE booksellers' shops were, of course, a subject of particular interest to me. They make very little external show, generally having only one or two small windows, a considerable height from the pavement, with a few books and prints displayed against the lower panes. Glazed show-cases, also, containing new works, &c., are attached underneath the windows and along the sides of the entrance passages. In many instances, the shop itself is only accessible by a flight of steps from a side entrance—strongly contrasting in this, as in other respects, with similar concerns in England. Some of the shops are well stocked with works in various languages (especially German and French), and the publishers are intelligent men, *au courant*

on literary subjects. They sell English books at the London prices; but the time occupied in procuring them to order is never less than one month, and sometimes above three. One striking feature in English large towns, shops devoted to the sale of weekly literary sheets and periodicals is altogether unknown in Copenhagen. There are no works whatever published in numbers in Denmark, and no magazine, with the exception of one, a literary and critical weekly, entitled "Nord og Syd," (North and South). As to English cheap journals they are utterly unknown; but the English and French monthlies and quarterlies have many subscribers.

The number of newspapers of all descriptions issued in Denmark is from seventy to a hundred. In Copenhagen alone there are ten daily and four weekly newspapers, and nearly every little village — under which designation Englishmen would, in fact, class almost all places in the kingdom, excepting the capital — has one or more papers of its own. The largest of the Copenhagen papers is somewhat larger than *one leaf* only of the London "Times," and the smallest are not quite double the size of an ordinary sheet

of letter paper. The type is large and the lines leaded out, so that the mass of reading in one of these papers is actually much less than is contained in even half a page of some of the London weekly papers which use small type. These miniature papers give a little local and foreign intelligence; but the bulk of the matter consists of original leading political articles. One important feature in them is their *feuilleton*, which consists of either fiction or poetry, original or translated. At this time one of the biggest daily journals, called the "Fæderlandet" (Fatherland), is publishing in its *feuilleton* a regularly continued translation of Dickens' tale of "David Copperfield," which occasionally occupies nearly half of the current number. The Government organ is "Berlingske Tidende" (Berling's Gazette.) Some of these papers are printed in Roman characters, but the majority are in German type. Their price is from one penny to twopence each number. There is also a weekly publication called "Cor-saren" (The Corsair), of the same description as "Punch" of London, and the "Charivari" of Paris. I am informed that it was originally very able, but is considered to have fallen off greatly of

late. Some of its illustrations struck me as being good, but most of them are puerile without either wit or satire discoverable in them.

Denmark is really an intellectual kingdom. Education is so generally diffused by the State that it is a nation of readers, and, as a natural sequence, these readers have mental pabulum supplied them by a very strong array of native writers. The number of works issued from the Copenhagen press is very considerable, and some of them—especially gift books and annuals—are got up in a manner that would not disgrace the best London or Paris houses. The prices are moderate, and as an instance of the comparatively immense circulation works at times attain here, I may mention that a poem of length, entitled “Den Lille Hornblæser” (The Little Trumpeter), by H. P. Holst—having for its subject the recent war with the Duchies—was published just before my arrival, and *five thousand copies* were sold within the first fortnight.

Many of the living Danish authors are men of very great talent—a few even are of brilliant genius. Foremost in the latter rank is the veteran Oehenschlœger, of whom a gentleman, whom I know to be a first-rate authority, said to me, “Sir, his tragedies are entitled to a place on the same shelf

with those of Shakspeare and Schiller; and it is worth a foreigner's while to study the language, for the sole purpose of being able to appreciate Oehlenschlœger." "Really," I replied, if that is the case, it is grievous to reflect that the accident of language should confine the works of such a man to so limited a circle of readers. It seems to me much like giving 'to a party what was meant for mankind.'"\*

Nothing astonishes the Danes more than to be informed that their countryman, Hans Christian Andersen, has attained such an unrivalled popularity in England. I have conversed with many on the subject, both at Copenhagen and elsewhere, and all agree that Andersen, in their estimation, holds only a secondary place compared with some other Danish authors. Presuming this opinion to be correct, one certainly would derive a very high opinion of the genius of the authors alluded to. Andersen's countrymen do not deny that he is a highly-gifted man; nor are they insensible to his

\* Since writing the above, I have learned that Oehlenschlœger has sold the entire copyright of all his works—which fill many volumes—for the sum of only 6,000 rix-dollars Danish, or 675*l.* sterling. Why, there are English novelists who have earned twice as much within one fortnight! And yet, the works in question are the long-life-labours of a mighty intellect.

peculiar merit. All they contend for is, that his genius is essentially of a less lofty order than that of such beings as Oehlenschlœger. They admit that he is a true diamond, but not a surpassingly brilliant one. What I have myself read of Andersen's writings is quite sufficient to impress me with a notion that he is the Goldsmith of Denmark. I loved the man before I had read a dozen of his pages: he is so genial, so purely child-like in his temperament, and so filled with unfeigned heartfelt affection for his brother man. I should, for my own part, bitterly abhor any author who merely simulated sensibility—I should loath his very name. Now I have private reason to know that Andersen is no hypocrite, but really only transfers his feelings to paper, and presents us with a sweet reflex of his own infantine yet finely-poetical and noble nature. This it is that gives that charm to his writings, which has been so universally felt. This it is which will impart unto them an enduring vitality, for human nature is the same in all ages, and what is acknowledged to be a true transcript of it now, will be relished as keenly a thousand years hence. There can, however, be no doubt that the circumstance of Ander-

sen's being the first Danish imaginative author introduced to the British public, has aided materially in securing him his monopoly of their esteem; and so thoroughly has he pre-occupied the field, that I know for a fact, that the London publishers decline to bring out works of any other Danish author, on that very account.

It is also remarkable that Miss Bremer occupies the same position with regard to Sweden. She has won the first suffrages of the English people, who know not any other Swedish writer; but here publishers and critics alike smile with surprise, when I tell them this, and they unanimously declare, that both in Sweden and Denmark, she is accounted only a second-rate Swedish writer. Really, after all is said and done, it is enough to make one mutter something about a prophet and his own country—is it not?

I felt naturally curious to learn what English writers of fiction are most read in Denmark, and I learned, from an undoubtedly reliable source, that the four favourites are Bulwer, Marryat, Dickens, and James. The sequence of their names, as here given, indicates their relative degrees of popularity. They are all much read;



and nearly all the copies bought in the original language are of the cheap but very neat edition issued by Tauchnitz, of Leipzig.

The remuneration generally given to even first-class Danish authors is very small—not one-fourth so much as English writers usually get for magazine papers. We need not marvel at this, when we consider the very limited public addressed. All Denmark Proper contains one million less inhabitants than London alone. But then, nearly every Danish author of repute has a pension from the State, which thus nobly recognises the claims of literature—paramount, as Hume says, above all other professions whatsoever.

I blush for my own mighty country as I write this, for, with all her countless wealth, England, as a state, grudgingly assigns so niggard, so beggarly a mite, for the reward and encouragement of men of genius, of literature, art, and science, that foreigners may well cry shame. When will this burning stain be wiped away? When will British legislators learn that spirit is superior to matter—that mammon will perish, but that the eliminations of God-given genius never pass away? The crown of Denmark also frequently aids in bringing out valuable works,

which, from their abstruse nature, cannot, of themselves, command a remunerating sale, and, consequently, but for its assistance, would remain unpublished. His late Majesty, Christian VIII., was, I believe, a munificent and discriminating patron of literature and the fine arts. A few months ago, the Bishop of Copenhagen published a translation of Ossian.

There are in Copenhagen two literary institutions, principally devoted to reading. One is the Athenæum, and consists of a suite of many very commodious and handsomely-fitted reading-rooms, a refreshment room, and also one devoted to conversation and smoking. It possesses a valuable library of upwards of twenty thousand volumes, principally in the German language—few shelves only being French and English standard works, including latest editions of the “*Encyclopædia Britannica*.” It is plentifully supplied with Danish, German, and French journals and serials, but rather scantily with English ones. It only takes the *Times*, *Morning Chronicle*, *Examiner*, *Athenæum*, and *Punch*; the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, *Foreign Quarterly*, and *Law Reviews*; and *Tait’s* and the *United Service Magazines*. None other than regularly-elected members of the first personal respectability

are admitted to this excellent institution; but shortly after my arrival Mr. Philepsen, a Copenhagen publisher, very kindly made application on my behalf to the directors, who immediately accorded me all the privileges of a member—of which I have daily availed myself. While thus acknowledging the courtesy shown me, I wish I could positively assure my Danish friends that my own countrymen would not be less generous towards any of them, should they sojourn in Britain under similar circumstances. The other establishment, which is called the “*Avissalon*” (News Room), is a much humbler and less exclusive place, and has only very recently been opened. It is tolerably well supplied with newspapers, and the public can at any time go there, by payment of half a mark (about 2½*d.* English) per visit, or by monthly or quarterly subscriptions.

To conclude this chapter of literary gossip, I may just add, that, happening to say to a literary gentleman here, that the phrase, “*James’s solitary horseman*,” is a standard joke with the English critics, he replied—“Yes, and so is ‘*Andersen’s solitary stork*’ with us, for he introduces it into every book he has ever written.”

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## CHAPTER X.

## THE WATCHMEN OF COPENHAGEN.

DURING the past year of 1849, it has been my lot to reside at four of the most remarkable capitals of Europe, and successively to experience what spring is in London; what summer is in Paris, what autumn is in Edinburgh, and what winter is in Copenhagen. Vividly, indeed, can I dwell on the marvellous contrast of the night-aspect of each, but one of the most interesting peculiarities I have noticed in any of them is that presented by the watchmen of the last-named. When I first looked on these guardians of the night, I involuntarily thought of Shakspeare's Dogberry and Verges. The sturdy watchers are muffled in uniform great-coats, and also wear fur caps. In their hand they

carry a staff of office, on which they screw, when occasion requires, that rather fearful weapon, the *Morning Star*. They also sometimes may be seen with a lanthorn at their belt ; the candle contained in said lanthorn they place at the top of their staff to relight any street lamps which require trimming. In case of fire, the watchmen give signals from the church towers, by striking a number of strokes, varying with the quarter of the city in which the fire occurs, and they also put out from the tower flags and lights pointed in the direction where the destructive element is raging. From eight o'clock in the evening, until four o'clock in the morning, all the year round, they chaunt a fresh verse at the expiration of each hour as they go their rounds. The cadence is generally deep and guttural, but with a peculiar emphasis and tone ; and from a distance, it floats on the still night-air with a pleasing and impressive effect, especially to the ear of a stranger. The verses in question are of great antiquity, and were written, I am told, by one of the Danish bishops. They are printed on a large sheet of paper, with an emblematical border rudely engraved in the old style, and in the centre is a large engraving, exactly representing one of the

ancient watchmen, in the now obsolete custom, with his staff and Morning Star in hand, a lanthorn at his belt, and his dog at his feet.

A copy of the broadside has been procured me, and my friend Mr. Charles Beckwith has expressly made for me a *verbatim* translation of the verses, and his version I will now give at length. I am induced to do this, because, not merely are the chaunts most interesting in themselves, as a fine old relic of Scandinavian customs, but there seems to me a powerful poetical spirit pervading them. At the top of the sheet are the lines :—

ORIGINAL.	TRANSLATION.
Bægg og bædd,	Watch and pray,
Þí tíðen gærr ;	For time goes ;
Ætíð og strax,	Think, and directly,
Þu bædd ef naar.	You know not when.

In large letters over the engraving of the watchman are the words :—

Lobet hæere Guð ! þor Þerre, þam  
 Sker Lob, Þrís, og Hære !

That is—

Praised be God ! our Lord, to whom  
 Be love, praise, and honour.

I will now give the literal version, printed

exactly in the same arrangement of lines, letters, and punctuation, as the original :—

## COPENHAGEN WATCHMEN'S SONG.

## EIGHT O'CLOCK.

When darkness blinds the Earth,  
And the day declines,  
That time then us reminds  
Of death's dark grave ;  
Shine on us, Jesus sweet,  
At every step  
To the grave-place,\*  
And grant a blissful death.

## NINE O'CLOCK.

Now the day strides down,  
And the night rolls forth,  
Forgive, for Jesus' wounds,  
Our sins, O mildest God !  
Preserve the Royal house,  
And all men  
In this land  
From the violence of foes.

## TEN O'CLOCK.

If you the time will know,  
Husband,† girl, and boy ;  
Then it's about the time  
That one prepares for bed.

\* Burial-place.

† Wife is also understood.

Commend yourselves to God,  
Be prudent and cautious,  
Take care of lights and fire,  
Our clock it has struck ten.

## ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

God, our Father, us preserve,  
The great with the small,  
His holy angel-host,  
A fence around us place !  
He himself the town will watch ;  
Our house and home  
God has in care  
Our entire life and soul.

## TWELVE O'CLOCK.

'Twas at the midnight hour  
Our Saviour he was born,  
The wide world to console,  
Which else would ruined be.  
Our clock it has struck twelve,  
With tongue and mouth,  
From the heart's depths  
Commend yourselves to God's care.

## ONE O'CLOCK.

Help us, O Jesus dear,  
Our cross here in this world  
Patiently to bear ;  
There is no Saviour more.\*

\* There is no other Saviour.



Our clock it has struck one,  
Extend to us thy hand  
O consoling man ;\*  
Then the burthen becomes light.

## TWO O'CLOCK.

Thou mild Jesu child,  
To whom we wert so dear,  
Was born in darkness wild,  
To Thee be honour, love, and praise.  
Thou worthy Holy Ghost  
Enlighten us  
Eternally  
That we may thee behold.

## THREE O'CLOCK.

Now the black Night strides on  
And the Day approaches ;  
God let those stay away  
Who us will distress !  
Our clock it has struck three,  
O pious Father  
Come to our help,  
Grant us Thy grace.

## FOUR O'CLOCK.

Thou eternal God have honour  
In thy Heavenly choir,  
Who watchman wilt be  
For us who dwell on earth.

\* O consoler !

Now it rings off watch,  
For a good night  
Say thanks to God ;  
Take good care of Time.

## FIVE O'CLOCK.

O Jesu ! morning star !  
Our King unto thy care  
We so willingly commend,  
Be thou his Sun and Shield !  
Our clock it has struck five.  
Come mild Sun,  
From mercy's pale,  
Light up our house and home.\*

\* Many of the Danish words of this song are obsolete, but Mr. Beckwith has with great care given the precise equivalents. I am not aware that any translation of it has ever appeared before.

## CHAPTER XI.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF OEHLenschLÆGER—THE  
SHAKSPEARE OF THE NORTH.

ON the evening of the 21st of January, 1850, I was at my old haunt, the Copenhagen Athenæum, when the new number of *Fædrelandet* a daily paper. was laid before me. I took it carelessly up, but started and uttered an ejaculation of surprise and sorrow when my eye fell on the front page, for the very first column was enclosed in a deep black border, and printed in large type, with the startling and deeply pathetic heading of "*Adam Oehlenschlæger er død !*" (Adam Oehlenschlæger is dead !) In that single line I felt that I read the eloquent grief-cry of a nation—the first burst of a prolonged wail for the mightiest genius Scandinavia ever produced, Happier was Oehlenschlæger than most great poets

in this—that he was universally appreciated by his countrymen whilst living, although there is strong reason to anticipate that his works will be more and more treasured, now the immortal soul which conceived them has for ever “shuffled off this mortal coil.”

For many years Oehlenschlæger, and his contemporary and friend, Thorwaldsen, were perpetual sources of fond pride, not only to the Danes, but to all Scandinavians; for Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, each feel at heart that they are children of one family, descended from common ancestors; and no son of genius and of fame can arise in either, without the others jealously participating in the claim of having given him birth. They may have their own little bickerings and brawlings, but whenever aught touches the national honour of one of them, or whenever they meet on foreign ground, they clasp each other's hands, and, with flashing eyes, cry—“We are Scandinavians! we are brothers!”\* In all probability, never more

\* A pleasing little instance of this is related by H. C. Andersen, in his “Poet's Bazaar.” When he was at Rome, in 1833, all the Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes in that city united, as one family, to keep their Christmas Eve. “We were,” says he, “about fifty Scandinavians, including seven ladies, who wore wreaths of living roses around their brows: we men had wreaths of ivy. The three

will two such lights illumine, at one time, the horizon of Scandinavia, as the world-unrivalled sculptor and the grand tragic poet—both of whom flourished and grew in fame together, were inseparable friends, and were parted in death by an interval of less than six years. Thorwaldsen, as is well known, died in OehlenschlØger's arms, on 24th March, 1844.

I know nothing, personally, of the creations of OehlenschlØger; but I have carefully noted the opinions expressed concerning them, both by his countrymen and my own, and I think I have thus gathered a fair general estimate of their character, I have only, after much deliberation, applied to him the epithet, "Shakspeare of the North,"—my reason for doing so being that no other poet is so well entitled to that appellation, albeit he is *not* Shakspearian in two essential respects.

It is admitted that the sources of the comic and terrible—of laughter and of tears—lie very close together; and that nearly all truly first-rate poets have possessed the power of almost equally exciting these apparently opposite emotions. So wondrous was the mastery of Shakspeare over the twain, that

nations had subscribed for presents. The best prize was a silver cup, with the inscription, 'Christmas Eve in Rome, 1833.' And who won it? I was the lucky one."

to this day it is undecided whether he excelled most in tragedy or comedy. But Oehlenschläger, by a remarkable idiosyncrasy of organization, was destitute of humour—that faculty was in a great measure denied him, or else he chose never to exercise it. The second grand point in which he differed from Shakspeare is, the purely national scope of his works. Shakspeare could raise a superstructure on the legends, and paint the manners, of various nations, with such amazing vigour and fidelity that one might momentarily imagine he himself must have been a citizen of them all. Oehlenschläger, on the other hand, founded twenty out of his twenty-four dramatic pieces (and it is as a dramatist only that he must be regarded, for his few prose romances prove that his genius was confined to the drama) on old Scandinavian traditions; and they breathe such a spirit of nationality, as, in itself, does much towards accounting for the intense love and admiration borne towards him by his countrymen. It is thus seen, that in universality\* and humour he is immeasurably inferior to our “Swan

\* It is worthy of remark that Thorwaldsen's genius, on the contrary, was universal in its scope. As one of his countrywomen said to me, he plied his chisel not merely for Scandinavia, but for the world.

of Avon ;” but I am strongly assured, by those whom I have reason to believe are both competent and impartial judges, that in such qualities as may, with reasonable allowance for difference of language, be contrasted, Oehlenschlœger is worthy of ranking, if second, only second to Shakspeare.

During the last twenty or thirty years, the reputation of Oehlenschlœger has spread over the entire world, and his extraordinary merit was long since known to the best informed students of foreign literature in England ; but I believe I am right in saying, that to the great bulk of the English public his very name has hitherto been all but unknown, for, with the slight exception of “The Shepherd Boy,” none of his works have yet been translated into our language. But, among the Germans his popularity has rivalled the most illustrious of their own countrymen, and Oehlenschlœger, who was a perfect master of German himself, translated several of his later works into that language. His genius shone brilliantly to the last, and two of his finest works, “*Kiartan og Gudrun*,” (a tragedy), and “*Regnar Lodbrok*,” (a poem), were only recently composed.

On the 14th of last November, being the anniversary of his 70th birthday, a numerous circle of

his friends gave him a feast, and the ladies encircled his brows with laurel. How fondly will all concerned look back on that happy occasion! How thankful and proud will all now feel that they were of the number! for they can hereafter say to their children and their children's children, "We celebrated with Oehlenschl ger his last birthday!" In his boyhood he was remarkably beautiful; in his prime a full-sized, handsome man, emphatically what is termed "good-looking," and of very pleasing features; and his old age was green and kindly. In society he spoke very little, resembling many gifted beings in that respect. His circumstances were easy, for, in addition to the profits from his works, he received, like nearly every Danish author at all distinguished, a pension from the State, and he was also a professor in the university of Copenhagen. Taken altogether, his life may be held to have been peculiarly happy. He had the rare satisfaction of feeling himself thoroughly appreciated; he anticipated, as it were, his own immortality—he lived to a ripe age, and at threescore-and-ten expired in the arms of his friends, lamented by his countrymen as though each of them had sustained, in his death, a personal loss. What more could be desired?



For some time prior to his dissolution, he had been afflicted with gout; and at length a serious illness supervened, and stretched him on what proved his death-bed. About the 18th of January an apparent improvement in his symptoms took place, so that his medical attendants entertained strong hopes that he would, for once, baffle the arch-conqueror of man; but the poet himself had no such expectation. A relapse speedily ensued, and on the 20th evidently the great change was at hand. His wife has been dead some years, and his surviving family consists of two sons and a daughter. The latter is married, and resides at Bergen, in Norway; consequently it was impossible, in this winter season, for her to arrive in time to tend her father's dying couch, but both his sons were with him, and his intimate friends crowded around him in the last trying scene.

His death-day, the 20th, was the Sabbath, and his last moments were marked by what, to me, appears an incident of absolute sublimity. I have read of the impressive death-bed scenes of many of the greatest men the world ever knew; but never did I hear of one distinguished by such a thrilling and characteristic trait as this in question.

It must be premised that Oehlenschlœger's faculties, so far from being impaired, were probably rendered keener by the near approach of death, as is frequently the case, and this renders the fact I am about to relate still more impressive. In the evening of the above day, he expressly desired one of his sons to read to him a long passage on the immortality of the soul, in his own tragedy of "Socrates." His son did so: and endeavour to conceive what the feelings of all present must have been during its perusal! I can hardly imagine a scene more pregnant with moral grandeur, with awe, with spiritual intensity. Picture the expiring poet, listening to the choked voice of his child uttering the lines his own spirit had dictated in the full vigour of its powers, on the grand secret which, in his own person he knew would so swiftly be revealed to him; picture, too, the breathless groups of friends, and their absorbing emotions! In the hands of a great painter, few subjects, in the range of history, would furnish elements for a theme fuller of surpassing interest, of the loftiest order, than this scene. May it be transferred to glowing canvas!

When his son came to the conclusion of the last act of "Socrates," Oehlenschlœger remarked

that his own last act had also now arrived; and then he blessed his children, bade them and his friends an eternal adieu on earth, and prayed that the Almighty would be pleased to grant him an easy death—an aspiration precisely realized, for almost immediately afterwards he sunk into a state of mild insensibility, from which he never rallied; and finally, at eleven o'clock that night, the soul of the mighty poet was released from its bonds of worn-out clay, and fled to the judgment-seat of its Creator, there to render an account of its stewardship, and receive, I fervently hope, admittance into the everlasting mansions of bliss, which the mercy of God, for the sake of one blessed Redeemer, and not the merits of man, alone can render accessible to any of the human race.

Oehlenschlöger's death was announced by all the papers within black borders, as though their sovereign were no more, accompanied of course by many genuine and eloquent testimonials of grief; and for weeks afterwards swarms of poetical laments appeared. It is worthy of remark that he died on the anniversary of the death of the late king, Christian VIII., two years ago.

The expenses of his funeral were voted by the

Council of State, on behalf of the nation, and its arrangements devolved on a voluntary committee of friends. The day fixed for the obsequies was the following Saturday, 26th of January—a day which many considered as premature, because it hurried the preparations in such a way that it was impossible to render the funeral so thoroughly national an affair as everybody desired; and impressive as the putting the honoured dead out of sight really proved, it would have been far more so had longer time been accorded. A deputation from Lund, in Sweden—the place where Oehlenschläger was, with grand solemnity, crowned *Digter-Konge*, (Poet-King) of Scandinavia—was prepared to attend the funeral, on behalf of the Swedish nation, and wrote that they would be able to do so (by means of ice-boats), if it were delayed until Tuesday; but that was not done, and, consequently, it was utterly impossible for the Swedes to be present.

There was no real occasion, whatever, why a much longer interval between death and burial should not have been allowed to elapse, for I can state, on the best authority, that the body, on the evening preceding the funeral, was fresh, as though

the spirit had only just fled ; there were no marks of "decay's effacing fingers,"—not a line of the features was altered—the poet only slept.

The body of Oehlenschlœger was conveyed, on the evening of Friday, from his winter residence in Amalie-gade, to *Fruekirke* (Our Lady's Church. This church, erected twenty years ago, is a large, singularly-looking brick edifice, with a huge square tower. The triangular front, over the Doric columns, has a grand group of figures, in terra cotta, designed by Thorwaldsen, representing John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness. In the porch, the entrance of the Saviour into Jerusalem is executed in bas-relief, and there are statues of some of the chief Prophets, also by Thorwaldsen. But the interior contains what renders *Fruekirke* richer than most sacred edifices in the entire world—viz.: the colossal figures of our Saviour, the twelve Apostles, and also an angel-font, all the work of Thorwaldsen, in white marble.

The Saviour is truly a sublime limination of sovereign genius, heaven-inspired, and is universally admitted to be the most glorious conception of the Son of God which ever was realised by

man. It is placed at the back of the spacious altar (up to which the single aisle leads straight from the entrance), and our Lord is represented with extended arms, in the act of saying, "Come unto me." The majesty of His attitude, and the divine benignity and spirituality which floats, as it were, around Him, no combination of words can express. The twelve Apostles stand on pedestals, six on each side of the church; and perhaps any one of them would have been sufficient to establish the fame of a minor sculptor. But the angel-font! I have hung with delight over that, and methinks I could gaze on it for ever, with increasing admiration. It is the most poetical and exquisite idea of a font which ever entered the brain of mortal. Behold a kneeling angel! her long, half-folded wings drooping behind her, with their tips almost reaching the floor. In both hands she sustains a huge, shallow sea-shell—that is the font! The countenance of this matchless bird of Paradise is lovely beyond all imagination, and not only are the proportions and attitude faultless, but the workmanship and finish are indescribably delicate. The feathers on the wings seem almost real; and were an enthusiast long to gaze on the entire

figure, he would be apt to fancy he beheld the pinions gently fluttering, preparatory to the angelic creature soaring away to her kindred skies.

This wondrous font is within the railings, at the foot of the altar; but if Fruekirke possessed no other internal wealth than it alone, pilgrims would nevertheless come from afar to see what a living shape the intellect and hand of man can fashion out of cold marble. No one can look on this font, and on the statues, without being impressed with a strong feeling of the marvellous industry, as well as genius, of Thorwaldsen, for really in themselves they would seem to constitute the labour of a lifetime, and yet are only a small portion of the entire legacies left to the world by *the boat-builder's son*.

On the present solemn occasion, the church was entirely hung with black, and this sombre colour being extended at the back of the statues, set their proportions off with such fine effect that one was tempted to wish that a dark drapery might be permanently suspended behind them on that account. The coffin containing Oehlenschlæger's body was placed at the foot of the altar; and on its lid reposed two wreaths, a lyre, and a harp, all of pure silver, *procured with the money subscribed*

*for that purpose by the children of different schools.* The lyre was presented by the school *Efterslægten* (Posterity), at which school Oehlenschläger himself was educated sixty years ago.

On Saturday morning, from a very early hour, Fruekirke was densely crowded with people, and even some relations of Oehlenschläger themselves could not obtain admittance. The scene outside the church was almost as striking as that within. Scores of carriages were drawn up in different parts of the streets, which were so densely packed with people of all ranks, that they were impassable. In front of the church, far away on either side, a road was kept clear by a great body of soldiers, standing closely together, with fixed bayonets. This precaution was absolutely necessary. The hearse (or funeral-car), which had conveyed the body of Oehlenschläger, stood near the front of the church, with its six black, pawing steeds, covered with cloth of the same colour.

The Danish hearses are very different to those of England, having literally no body, but consisting of a frame, on four wheels, the bottom covered with black cloth, and having two low cushioned stools placed athwart it, for receiving the coffin, which is almost invariably hung with chaplets of laurel and



evergreens. At the corners of this vehicle rise pillars, supporting a canopy, or roof, varnished black, and decorated with either silvered or gilt ornaments, in the shape of eagles, chaplets, &c. Of course the fashion and style of decoration of the whole are commensurate with the rank of the deceased. Some of these funeral cars are very plain—others extremely elegant, and richly furnished. Copenhagen possesses only one grander than that employed for Oehlenschläger. The effect of the whole scene—the church, the soldiers, the hearse, and the agitated masses of people, with eager, sorrowful aspects—was extremely impressive.

At an appointed hour, the procession (on foot) destined to follow the remains of the poet to the sepulchre, arrived at the church. This procession might be described as an embodiment of the Danish nation. His Majesty the King, and the Queen Dowager, did not attend in person, but were expressly represented by their cavaliers; but the only other member composing the Royal Family, his Royal Highness Prince Ferdinand (uncle to the King, and Crown Prince, or heir to the throne), walked in the procession; also the Ministers of State; most of the foreign Ambassa-

dors, and members of the various Corps Diplomatique; the authorities of Copenhagen; the Clergy; the University Professors and Students, and learned men; Civil and Military Officers; deputations from the Royal Navy, from the Artisans, &c., When the procession had entered the church, which was lighted by wax candles in candelabras, suspended from the ceiling, the Bishop of Copenhagen delivered an oration. Afterwards, an intensely interesting ceremony was performed by a large choir of singers of both sexes, chaunting the "Evening Song" (a touching and finely appropriated piece of four stanzas, each containing six lines), written by Oehlenschlæger himself, and thus sung with surpassing effect over his inanimate remains. Alas! it could not "ope the dull, cold ear of death!" but who can say that the poet's freed spirit did not drink in the upward-floating melody?

Prior to the procession leaving the church, which it did about one o'clock P.M., myself and some friends wended our way towards the spot, destined to be the last earthly abiding-place of Oehlenschlæger. He was to be interred in the churchyard of the suburb Fredericksberg, about

an English mile-and-a-half beyond the gates of the city. Vast masses of people filled not only the streets through which we passed, but also thronged the adjoining ramparts, and every foot of the road, all the way to the burial-place in question.

Threading the ancient *Vester-Port* (West-Gate), we pass along the noble road, skirted with avenues of trees, until we arrive at the celebrated Obelisk of Liberty, erected by the peasants, in 1788, in gratitude to Prince Frederick, for certain privileges granted, and rights secured to them. Some of the emblematical statues at the base are very good. Thousands are wending their way past this obelisk, but none stop to gaze at it. Onward go all ; and whatever window of the houses we raise our eyes to, has groups of anxious expectant faces looking forth. We pass various places of popular summer resort, at all of which the flags\* of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden are hoisted. Not many hundred yards beyond the obelisk is the entrance of the avenue, leading up to Fredericksberg Palace, and

\* The flag of Denmark is a white cross on a red ground ; that of Norway is a tricolor cross, blue, red, and white, on a red ground ; that of Sweden is a yellow cross on a blue ground.

at the extremity of that avenue is the churchyard, to which such mournful multitudes are moving.

Before we go further, let us pause to look at a house, exactly opposite the avenue, on the other side of the road. Regard it well ! It is a little, old whitewashed house, low-built, with many small windows, and not very much unlike that of Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon, only that the latter is of "stud-and-mud," whereas this one is of brick and tile, and of a considerably later erection. About the centre is a low doorway, and on the window-shutters on each side of it are painted, in Danish fashion, representations of various trifling articles of domestic use, indicating that, if you descend a step or two, you will enter a humble little shop, for the sale of such things, and the name of the occupier may be read also—one R. Patersen. In front of this little old house, are several stacks of soldier's arms, as though it were a guard-house, and far away on either side of it, sentinels are walking, with musket on shoulder. What of all this ? Look up, O questioner ! and let thine eyes devour a tale the face of that little, old, whitewashed house has to tell. Immediately under the eaves, extend from end to end festoons of black crape, and just above the lower windows are correspond-

ing festoons of laurel and fir, intertwined. Then over the door, in centre of the front, is a large oval shield, encircled with laurel, and on that shield are the thrilling words—

“HERE WAS BORN

ADAM OEHLENSCHLÖEGER,

14th November, 1777.”

Reader! what a volume of eloquence, of pathos, of love, of sorrow, and of pride, do those few simple words convey! Not one could be added—not one taken away, without injuring the electric power of the sentence. Here, thought I, sixty years ago, laughed and played the happy “æ bairn\*” of fond parents, and every inch of ground around was familiar to him. Did any thought at that time flit athwart his own mind, or those of his parents, or their neighbour’s minds, that he the pretty, glee-some butterfly-chaser, would live to extend the fame of his nation over the world, and that half-a-century later, his mortal remains would be borne by the spot of his nativity, with the whole Danish nation

\* I understand that Oehlenschlöger was an only child. His father was in respectable circumstances, being the inspector of the Palace of Fredericksberg.

for mourners? Ay, and verily many other imaginings were mine, as I gazed and gazed. Let me repeat this :—Will the people who are so jealously proud of being called Danes—will this most spirited brave, ancient, and honourable race, buy that little, old, whitewashed house for an heir-loom to the nation, more to be prized than each and every palace it possesses? Or will it first be needful for a German to come hither with intent to purchase it for his countrymen, as an American proposed with regard to the mass of mud, wood, and straw, composing a certain tenement at Stratford-on-Avon? I already take shame to myself for this ungenerous doubt. Forgive me, Danes!—I hear you cry, “Perish the thought!”

We at length entered the avenue—one of the noblest I ever beheld. It is a very straight and excellent carriage-road, and on either side of it is a double line of trees, enclosing a broad promenade, with seats. From the entrance to the termination at the church, is probably full three-quarters of an English mile; and along this distance are houses, with few intervals, and many beautifully laid-out tea-gardens and places for open-air recreation, fitted up in a style far beyond aught of a similar kind in England. In summer-

time, especially on Sunday evenings,\* this is a very favourite place of resort to the public, and the scene on such occasions is said to be animated in the extreme. We duly reached the church of Fredericksberg. It is close upon the road, and is a quaint, squat, octagon structure with a steep, slated roof, and a curious, slender tower, with a four-faced clock. About the centre of the little burial ground, surrounding the edifice, a great heap of earth was freshly cast up, and on it many eyes were fixed, for it would soon be piled over *his* remains.

We returned down the avenue—the promenades of which were one sheet of ice, for the preceding evening there had been a thaw, which melted the surface of the snow, but in the night an intense frost succeeded, and the day also was clear, but bitter cold. The entire avenue was strewn, according to the old Scandinavian custom with evergreens, branches of fir, and bunches of fir and box, mingled in some instances with artificial flowers—an idea I did not like at all. It is customary at all funerals to strew evergreens before the door of the house

\* It must be borne in mind, that in Denmark, as I have elsewhere stated, the Sabbath is held to terminate at four o'clock in the afternoon.

where the body lies, but it is only for some very distinguished person indeed that they are strewn all the way to the burial-place.\* As mentioned, the procession had left the church at one o'clock, and the coffin at starting was borne by the students of the University, but this honour was shared at intervals between them and the royal sailors. When the procession came in sight of the poet's birth-place, it was considerably past two o'clock, and then commenced firing of minute guns, by soldiers, at two contiguous points. In a little while all that was mortal of Oehlenschl ger rested for the last time before the roof which sheltered his natal day. A song, written expressly for the occasion, by Hans Christian Andersen, was here sung, and the reader will imagine how intensely interesting must have been the scene at this juncture. "Oh," said I to a friend at the moment, "who can tell whether Oehlenschl ger's spirit may not be permitted to look down on all this?" Ay, and I do even now deliberately conceive that it is by no means a baseless fancy that

\* At the time of Thorwaldsen's funeral, the English papers mentioned that the road was strewn, not only with evergreens, but also with juniper berries. I have inquired whether this statement was correct, and am assured it is quite erroneous.



the soul of the departed is oft permitted to hover over the scenes and friends it loved on earth.

When the song was concluded, the sailors raised the coffin on their shoulders, and the procession slowly entered the avenue. First came a very large military band, playing an impressive dead march. They were followed by an immense number of gentlemen, public and professional men, in ranks of about six deep, and any respectable individual might join them. Next came a mass of royal sailors, two emblematic banners, and then the coffin. The latter was borne without pall or any covering, and on its lid were the silver wreaths, lyre, and harp; but so many evergreen wreaths, and "everlasting" flowers, had been deposited and thrown on the coffin, by loving hands, that it seemed one mass of foliage. Myself, and a lady with me, picked up five large beautiful everlasting flowers which fell from the coffin. They lie before me as I pen this, and I need not add that I treasure them highly. I also possessed myself of some fir and evergreens, over which the body was borne. Immediately after the coffin came the sons of Oehlenschlœger, the clergy, official personages, &c. The authorities, officers, and clergy, were all in full costume, which added much to the pic-

turesque and striking scene. The entire procession was immense, and a breathless silence pervaded the spectators as it passed. A few carriages brought up the rear.

When the body was lowered in the grave, an oration was pronounced over it by Pastor Grundtvig, a very gifted and eminent preacher, well known among learned men in London from his residence there, and who is author of the "Northern Mythology." There is no regular burial service read at funerals in Denmark, the clergyman delivering an appropriate extempore discourse instead; but words equivalent to our "earth to earth" are invariably used when the first handful is thrown in. Many sobs broke from manly breasts, and many tears were shed both by stern and gentle eyes, when the first clod rattled on the coffin of Oehlenschlæger. One more yearning look into the narrow house—one more glance at the wreath and flower-strewn coffin—and ye, O friends, who knew him living, have seen the last of the mortal part of your darling poet. Begrudge not earth its own—for have ye not all of Oehlenschlæger which is deathless?

Never, I thought had poet such a burial! As

one John Milton said of one William Shakspeare, "Kings, for such a tomb would wish to die!" And is it thus that Denmark buries its bards?

On the very evening of his funeral, Oehlen-schløger's tragedy of "Queen Margaret" was performed at the Theatre Royal, in *Kongens Nytorv*. Of course, the house was crowded to excess. I believe that the acting, at plays and operas, in Copenhagen, is very good, but do not speak from personal experience, for, to the best of my recollection, I have only seen one theatrical performance during the long space of ten years.

On the Wednesday succeeding the funeral, I revisited the birth-place and grave of Oehlen-schløger, and made pencil sketches of the house and church—rudely enough, no doubt, but they will be intelligible mementos to me. I found the crape, the evergreens, and the shield all gone from the house; and on each side of the doorway were a number of coarse besoms, reared up against the wall, for sale. The avenue was still strewn here and there with trampled evergreens, but no crowds now jostled me as I thoughtfully strode along. I arrived at the churchyard, and there I found a large, rough mass of frozen mould, piled over the spot where the bones of the poet will

probably moulder until that great day when earth and ocean alike will yield up their dead. Several large evergreen wreaths were placed on different parts of the heap. As to the silver wreaths, lyre, and harp, I understand it is contemplated to attach them to a monument, to be erected over the grave. No pilgrim but myself had been attracted to the spot. The day was bright, and the sun shone pleasantly on the crisp snow and the fresh moulds, and glistened on the windows of the little church. Silence prevailed, and I felt myself alone—alone near the grave of the poet—alone where tens of thousands were congregated a few days before.

## CHAPTER XII.

### WINTER ASPECT OF THE STREETS OF COPENHAGEN.

ALL the world knows that when there is hardly a catspaw of wind throughout London, it yet blows great guns round the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard; that when the rest of Paris is panting for lack of fresh air, you may have to hold your hat in crossing Pont Neuf; and that when not a zephyr eddies among the dust heaps of the streets of Edinburgh, every wind of heaven is nevertheless frolicking around Nelson's monument on Calton Hill; but all the world does not know that when only a gentle breeze pervades the other quarters of Copenhagen, a very hurricane howls adown Ostergade, as you enter it by the right-hand corner of Kongens Nytorv. Here the wind rushes down the narrow street, with such incredible

ferocity, that you would fancy it must be some tremendous famished monster tearing through a defile in pursuit of prey. As you approach Ostergade from Kongens Nytorv, you feel yourself seized on by invisible but very palpable hands, and must yield, as the bark does to the influence of the maelstrom. The propelling power increases in intensity, till you are fairly whirled along over the icy pavement or road, far down the street, helpless as a ship drifting before the storm. What funny scenes have I beheld at the corner of that Ostergade ! I have seen huge becloaked warriors twisted and knocked about like puppets ; I have seen young ladies scandalously whirled round until they didn't know whether to laugh or to cry ; I have seen elderly, befurred dames, who happened to be bulky as Dutch galliots, fairly tack from side to side of the street, from inability to make an inch of headway when sailing in the wind's eye ; I have seen hats rolling along like wildfire, and baskets jumping as though filled with hot dumplings and quicksilver ; and I have seen brawny fellows, who one moment stepped proudly along, the next give a pitch forward, and glide with all their limbs in utter confusion over many yards of slippery pavement,

until they "brought up" against the feet of some passer-by, whom the shock would perchance "bring down" sprawling in amicable companionship. It is glorious in winter to run the gauntlet of Kongens Nytorv entrance to Ostergade—for you can read while you run, and afterwards moralise at leisure on the epitome of the world's race therein shadowed forth.

"And pray, Sir *Wandernde Vogel*," asks the reader, "in the name of goodness what is your Kongens Nytorv, and your breakneck Ostergade?" Why, that is the very thing I wish to tell you, for I am about to make my daily perambulation of the streets of Copenhagen, and you shall see what I see, and judge for yourself whether there are any winter pictures worth looking at.

I set forth from my own quarters (which are within a few doors of Hans Christian Andersen's) in Nyhavn Byens Side; *i. e.*, Townside of Newhaven, which said Newhaven is a large canal, navigable for vessels of considerable burthen, and running down the middle of a long street, until both terminate in Kongens Nytorv. I descend into a courtyard enclosed by lofty houses, forming a little town in themselves, and having only one

egress, a large gateway opening on the canal side. This gate is open every day (except Sunday) until evening, when it is closed and locked. To attend it, there is an old porter, who lives just within the entrance. He always has a pleasant "*God morgen*,"\* or "*God aften*," ("good morning," or "good evening,") for me, even though I have roused him up, before now, at the "sma' hours!" and a polite raising of his hat as I pass, not in the spirit of servility, but of good breeding; and I never neglect to return his cheerful word and salute in kind.

I may here remark that the entire Danish nation is a bowing one—from the refined gentleman to the lowest hanger-on, a raising of the hat, or an entire uncovering of the head, is the universal mode of recognition or of salutation. Like the continentals, they do this naturally and gracefully, and although I am by no means a stickler for mere outward forms, I must say I hope this one will long flourish, for it is at least symbolical of that due respect for our fellow-beings which is the very basis and keystone of all society. "George

\* The word "*Herre*," or "*Min Herre*," (sir) is seldom used in addressing individuals; but, as in the above instance, is tacitly understood.



the Magnificent" would return the bow of any beggar in the streets of London, and he acted rightly therein.

There are many similar private courts in Copenhagen, which, in this respect, somewhat resembles Paris; and in another, is just like Edinburgh, for each flat or story is frequently occupied by a separate family, and there is one common staircase for all. Some of the houses thus portioned off are very extensive structures.

I pass into the street. Between the pavement and the canal is the road, and a narrow strip of open quay, which, this winter-time, is only diversified with a few stray barrels of tar, and some straw-muffled pumps, of huge calibre. The canal itself is both wide and deep, although, before the frost set in, the water was so translucent that I could count the smallest fish swimming about, and see every object at the bottom. But Nyhavn is now frozen up, probably for a duration of three or four months, and contains a score or two of lifeless vessels moored along its sides. Most of them are sloop-rigged craft, having one immense mast (at least seventy feet high in a single piece) raking forward, and the hull itself being actually as large

as that of many English schooners, and even brigs. There are not a few canals in different parts of Copenhagen. They run into the very heart of the city, and impart to it a peculiar character, reminding one strongly of Dutch towns, only that the houses here do not project fantastic gables streetward, nor are there rows of trees along the borders of the canals. Before these Copenhagen "water-ways" are ice-bound, numbers of tiny craft (all similar to the one which conveyed me to Svendborg) may be seen in them, moored conveniently to the shore, selling their cargoes on board, under awnings, by retail; the said cargoes consisting of apples, or game, or fish, &c. The latter are kept alive in wells in the hold of the boats, and thence taken out for the inspection of customers by means of a landing-net. I presume these curious fishing-smacks only sail to catch a fresh supply of the finny tribes when their old one is exhausted.

As I walk along Nyhavn Byens Side, my hat occasionally almost touches little double mirrors, meeting at an angle, permanently fastened in frames, outside sitting-room windows. These mirrors are disposed to receive a reflection of

every passing object, so that *Madamme*,\* or *Jomfru*, by just raising their eyes from the needle or book, can behold at a glance whatever is going forward in the street, without the trouble of approaching the window. I need hardly remind the reader that this custom is very common in Holland, far more so, I believe, than in Denmark. In fact, it is said to be in a state of gradual decadence here.

At length I fairly enter *Kongens Nytorv*, i.e. King's New Market, although no market whatever is now held there. It is a very large, paved square, or rather place, having in its centre a bronze equestrian statue of Christian V. Under the feet of the horse is a struggling, naked man, typifying Envy conquered. Four colossal statues at the base, also of bronze, represent Wisdom, Bravery, Honour, and Generosity. The whole is a very fine and striking work of art, and was erected in 1668. The Palace of Charlottenberg,

\* In Denmark, the wife of a tradesman, or of any middle class non-professional man, is called *Madamme*, and her daughter *Jomfru*; but the lady of a man of rank, or of an officer, is addressed as *Frue*, and her daughter as *Froken*; while the wife of one of the lower classes, is termed *Moder*. Husbands usually speak of their partners for life as *min Kone*, "my wife," and not as a "Mrs. So-and-so," which is generally the fashion in England.

which for nearly a century has been turned into an Academy of Fine Arts, occupies one of the square, and near it is a college for military students. Close by is the Theatre Royal. It is not very large, but the acting is said to be excellent. Opposite the theatre is the Hotel du Nord; and in other parts of the square are Hotel de Svea, and Hotel d'Angleterre. The latter is one of the best in the city. I staid at it until I was able to procure a private lodging, and had no reason to complain of the arrangements, nor yet of the bill. The style and quality of the viands at the *table d'hôte* are of a very superior description. The master, Herr Kruger, is a German; and the English traveller will find either German or French of great use among the attendants, as little or no English is spoken. This hotel, like others in Copenhagen, is accessible by one large gateway, opening into a quadrangular courtyard, of which three sides are occupied by the hotel, and the fourth by stables and offices. Some idea of its extent may be gathered from the fact that the guests' private rooms, of fair dimensions, and well furnished, amount to about one hundred. Each guest, on going into the town, is expected to leave the key of his room at the porter's lodge,

where it is suspended over the number of its door. There are many very handsome edifices in Kongens Nytorv, and twelve, I think, of the principal streets radiate into it—thus rendering it virtually the “key” to Copenhagen.

We will now enter Ostergade, *i.e.* East Street, the grand artery of the whole city. This street (the name of which is famous throughout Scandinavia), is narrow, with lofty houses, which, like most of the ordinary streets in Copenhagen, are of plain architecture, but have a prodigious number of upper, large-paned windows, the framework of which is almost invariably that of a cross—a very ancient form, once universal in England. This, as well as all other streets, is well paved with boulders, but its foot-pavement is of slabs; whereas, every other street has only small paving-stones, with an edging of granite. I think it is a mistaken notion which a recent very intelligent traveller obviously entertains respecting the ineligibility of the common side-pavements of Copenhagen. It is, doubtless, true that the small stones are not so easy to walk on as slabs, in summer; but in the long winter-time I can vouch for their superiority, as they enable one to retain a footing in walking over the icy surface after a thaw, and

this is by no means an easy matter, either on slabs or on the centre of the road, unless the latter is cut up by wheels. All the streets have very wide and deep open gutters; and at the crossings there are planks laid over them. They are also "bridged" over, here and there, at convenient intervals—a very necessary thing. But in Ostergade the whole length of the street has planks over the gutters, for the number of people thronging that street is so great, that more walk on the carriage-way than on the narrow pavement. Accidents hardly ever result from this practice, for no vehicle is allowed to drive at a greater rate than one Danish mile per hour. The planks over the gutters in Ostergade afford a capital footing for pedestrians; and, like all others, are raised from time to time for men to break up, with iron bars, the frozen mass collected beneath, and so clear them out, to be in order for thaws, which are of frequent occurrence. Were the gutters out of sight, like English ones, it would be impossible readily to get at them in winter; and when a thaw took place, the streets would be flooded. Thus, what seems at first an eye sore, is, on reflection, a necessity. There is never very much snow at a time in the streets, for it is regularly carted

away after a fall of any magnitude. Through this we miss the picturesque sight of sledges, which I have never yet seen in Copenhagen streets, excepting some children's miniature ones; but real handsome horse-sledges, do occasionally, I am told, glide along.

The shops in Ostergade are nearly all on a par for size, with those of any very old-fashioned town in England of about ten thousand inhabitants. The windows are generally very small, with little display; and while some are high up, others are low down, quite reaching the pavement. You enter the latter shops by a downward flight of steps, much after the Edinburgh style, only there is no area in front, and the windows are quite exposed in the street, so that it is marvellous how they escape constant breakage. The entrances to the shops are often wonderfully round about, and very many have a glazed case (encroaching on the footway) in front of them, containing specimens of the goods on sale within. But you read no announcements of "appalling reductions for cash," nor of any "tremendous sacrifices." There are many fur-shops in Ostergade, and they make a better display than any others. All tailors' shops keep a large assortment

of ready-made clothing, and clothes seem to be comparatively seldom made to order. The system must not be confounded with the English slop-shops, for here the ready-made attire is of first-rate quality and workmanship. Clothing is dear in Copenhagen, for the cloth is imported from England. Specimens of every description of shop may be seen in Ostergade; and a striking exterior feature is created by the general custom of painting representations of articles the occupier sells, on each side the doorway. Some of these paintings are really very capitally executed; and I have seen fancy subjects (in front of wine-shops, for instance) which displayed considerable poetical conception. The signs hung overhead are in many instances symbols of the trade. The hairdressers put forth a row of three brass basins—the sign of the barber-surgeons—with the words "*Barbeer Stue*" (Barber's Room). Tobacconists' shops are very frequent, with their inscription of "*Tobak og cigar-fabrik.*"

There are many game-shops, with very fine does suspended at the door, and a great variety of northern wild-fowl, many of which are of most beautiful plumage. Some game is cheap, but hares are dear as in England. The game-laws



throughout Denmark are rather stringent. Fish is plentiful: the salmon from the island of Bornholm being very large and very coarse. A peculiar feature in the provision-shops are smoked geese breasts. The price of a fine one is about one dollar (2s. 3d.) and their flavour is delicious. Butter is consumed in vast quantities to the black rye-bread, and is invariably kept in kegs.

The stream of people in Ostergade comprises extraordinary numbers of civil and military officials, in uniform, and nearly everybody you meet is well dressed. The great peculiarity in ladies' out-of-door attire, is their habit of wearing white and coloured satin bonnets in winter. The cabs of Copenhagen much resemble English cabs, and so do the omnibuses; but the latter are never to be met with in Ostergade, their avocations being confined principally to the suburbs. Gentlemen's carriages present nothing striking in their appearance, but the uniforms of the coachmen are peculiar. They are muffled in furs, or wear red cloaks, and huge, grand cocked hats of different fashions, or else bear-skin caps. The wagons in the streets are very light vehicles, with a long, extremely narrow body, and moveable sides, steeply shelving towards the bottom. Two horses are

harnessed to them abreast. The bodies of these Danish wains much resemble boats in some instances, and in others are not greatly unlike coffins. They have no decorations nor painting about them; and I dare say they are built just in the fashion of five centuries ago. There are no street-cries, and street-vendors are exceedingly rare.

The whole aspect of Ostergade is certainly novel and foreign-like to a stranger; but when he has traversed it several times daily for nearly four months (as I have), it is undeniable that its aspect becomes monotonous and dull. The reason of this obviously is—there is never any change—never anything new to be seen. I know every shop front—I know every object in the windows—I know many of the faces I meet—I recognize the vehicles—I cannot discover a single fresh object worthy of note. There is no influx, at any rate not in winter, of novelties of any description in the streets of Copenhagen, and when you have seen them, and once grown familiar with their aspect, you might return after months of absence, without discovering that the slightest change had occurred in the interval.

I have thus dwelt on the aspect of the chief street in Copenhagen, and all others are more or

less copies—some few being tolerably sprinkled with people, and the majority lifeless; but I will speak of some of the more remarkable streets, and also of some of aristocratic character, in a future section.

The night aspect of the streets of Copenhagen is by no means lively. At present gas is unknown here, so far as the public is concerned, but a few manufactories, and even some private houses, I am told, make it for home consumption. The streets are lighted by good oil lamps, which in all cases are affixed to the walls; they are of a peculiar flat shape, with tin backs, and rather handsome in appearance. It is amusing to see the quaint old watchmen occasionally trimming and re-lighting them by means of their staves. The shops are lighted in most instances by elegant lamps of different descriptions, such as naphtha, camphine, &c., but the light they reflect into the streets is comparatively very trifling; and it is this very absence of the vast, brilliantly illuminated shop-fronts one is accustomed to in an English city, that makes the Copenhagen streets at night seem still duller than they really are.

Except when a grand masquerade, or something

of that description is taking place, exceedingly few cabs and carriages are stirring in the evening; and only Kongens Nytorv, Ostergade, Kjömagarde, Göthersgade, and one or two other leading thoroughfares, exhibit any animation. All other parts are as silent as a Quaker's city; and you may pass through many large streets without encountering a dozen individuals in any one of them, after seven or eight o'clock. A considerable stream of people certainly flows down Ostergade until about ten, and Kongens Nytorv is always dotted over its wide surface with stragglers, and many are continually threading the pathway leading through the enclosure around the statue in the centre of that place. No street-vendors of any description are to be met with, and on Saturday nights, when any town in Great Britain of the size of Copenhagen would exhibit bewildering scenes in the main thoroughfares, there is here nothing whatever to distinguish it from any other night. In fact, at no hour, and on no day whatever, can anything approaching bustle be observed. The motto of all true Danes is—"There's no need to hurry through life!" and they fully act up to it. There seem to be no particular hours

for closing the different kinds of shops, but the great majority are shut by ten o'clock, from which hour, also, the passers-by very rapidly diminish.

If there are no eye-dazzling shop fronts in Copenhagen, there are no flaring gin-palaces ; and if one feels liable to grow a little rusty and dormant with the slow current of life, at any rate one is not shocked by a single reeling bacchanal, nor whining mendicant, nor accosted by unhappy females at the street corners. Such spectacles as these are not to be met with in Copenhagen—at any rate I have walked its streets in all directions, and at all hours, during four months, and have never yet beheld such things. There is no obtrusive profession of religion, but it is sincerely believed there is more real practice of scriptural doctrine than in England. Instead of wearing an outward robe of sanctity and seeming, while secretly indulging in bestial vices, the Danes, who never deny their devotion to amusement, nightly swarm to their theatres, hippodromes, balls, masquerades, and concerts ; thus enjoying themselves without any demoralization of character. This is the result of close observation, and it perhaps may be deemed an impartial opinion, since I never go to the above-named, nor to any other places of amuse-

ment. A Quaker hardly abstains more from visiting such "booths of Vanity Fair," than do I; but do not condemn others for partaking in moderation of what they deem harmless sources of recreation. Ten thousand times rather would I have the Danes to continue thus to spend their leisure hours, undisguised votaries of pleasure, than behold them wrapping a Pharisee's garb over a Pharisee's heart.

To resume. The shops in very numerous instances have no window-shutters, and in many cases only have shutters reaching one-third or one half-way up the windows. Goods are never removed from the latter, not even on Saturday nights, but are openly exposed all day on Sunday. What would be the result of this primitive mode in Great Britain? A shopkeeper in London, or Manchester, or Glasgow, with all their vigilant police, would not sleep very soundly in his warm bed, were he conscious that only a frail pane of glass kept out cold air and thieves from his shop.

From eight o'clock the watchmen of Copenhagen play a distinguished part, by singing their verses as they make their rounds every quarter of an hour—a capital warning, by-the-by, to evil doers, of the approach of the redoubtable guardians

of the night. As a separate section has been devoted to the watchmen and their song, I will here only add, for the information of any reader who may hereafter sojourn in Copenhagen, that should he happen to be out very late, or very early, and find it difficult to arouse the porter of the outer gate of the house where he may reside, he need only apply to the nearest watchman, for these worthies carry keys which will unlock all the gates on their beat.

About eleven o'clock the streets are nearly deserted ; at midnight they are quite so, and then, in my estimation, they really appear to the greatest advantage, provided the night be clear, for they look extremely picturesque as starbeams and moonbeams play on their countless windows, and the watchman's song of the hour echoes through the frosty air from afar, probably the only sound invading the ear of night. Overhead, the serene firmament will sometimes be exquisitely transparent, and the resplendent lamps of nature shine brilliantly between the fleecy cloudlets driving with lightning rapidity through the vast expanse. Often have I keenly relished a long homeward stroll on such a night, with the strong-handed wind pinning my dear old cloak tightly around me, and propelling me swiftly along the slippery

street, which oft presents at night one surface of glib ice.

This section may be fitly concluded by speaking of Sunday in Copenhagen. The religion of Denmark is almost universally Lutheran (all other sects being fully tolerated), and, as practised here, is a very liberal faith indeed. Sermons are preached in the churches morning and afternoon, but at four o'clock the Sabbath is held to terminate. Up to that hour the shops are all closed, but after it they open for the transaction of business as usual; indeed they perhaps do more than on any other evening, as people have greater leisure to make their purchases. The streets are considerably fuller of well-dressed people on Sunday evening, and in summer-time, tens of thousands take out-of-door amusements of every description, at the public gardens, &c. In winter they spend it at evening parties, dances, concerts, and at the theatres, which are always open on Sunday nights. Yet let not the reader place the Danish observance of the Sabbath on the same footing with that of France, and other continental countries, for in Denmark it is strictly observed until the hour when its sanctity is universally believed to terminate, and until then all business is prohibited.



There can be no doubt that the Danes conscientiously consider that after four o'clock they are at full liberty to consider Sunday the same as one of the week days, and this fact takes away the feeling of pain with which an Englishman would regard what he must otherwise consider a fearful desecration of God's day. The Sabbath is indeed justly considered to be one of the greatest conceivable boons held direct from the Creator, by man, and which he ought jealously to preserve intact. That it is designed for a blessed and absolutely needful day of rest and thanksgiving is indisputable; and without it, great societies of men would gradually lose all moral sensibility. Mammon grinds us down hard enough six days in the week, without driving his groaning wheels on the seventh; and deeply deplore that a people whom I love and admire so much as the Danes should traffic even on the latter portion of this day of grace. No good ever eventually comes from any kind of work done, or business transacted, on the Sabbath—unless in a case of necessity, for it is not required of us to leave our horse to perish in the pit because it happens to be Sunday. Moreover while I cede to my fellows the unfettered exercise of their inalienable birthright to enjoy the Sab-

bath as a day of rest and religious aspiration, in such wise as their own conscience permits and directs, I claim the same privilege for myself; and, admitting the priceless value of public worship, if I choose to commune with my God under the canopy of Heaven in preference to a roof made by man's hands, in my opinion no human being has a right to call me to account. But trading on the Sabbath is a very different matter to spending it according to the particular dictates of our conscience, and the chief magistrate of a land would not only do his duty to God, but act wisely for the the happiness, ay, and the temporal prosperity of his country, were he to suppress, as far as practicable, buying and selling on the Sabbath Day.

## CHAPTER XIII.

DANISH CURRENCY—COPENHAGEN POST OFFICE—  
COPENHAGEN CEMETERY.

It is very important for a traveller to get a speedy and correct knowledge of the money of the country in which he sojourns. I have not hitherto spoken of that of Denmark, but will now describe the entire metallic and paper currency, as it exists at the present hour.

**GOLD.**—There is no gold in actual daily use in Denmark; for although there is a gold coin called “Frederick d’or,” (value 16*s.* 8*d.*.) it is but little better than a nominal coin, being scarcely ever seen in circulation; and its use is almost entirely confined to Danes travelling in foreign countries, as being preferable to silver, on account of facility, and rate of exchange.

**SILVER.**—The “specie-daler,” value *4s. 6d.* English; the “rigsbank-daler,” (daler-Dansk, or Danish dollar), is  $\frac{1}{2}$  the specie-daler, or *2s. 3d.*; the “mark” is  $\frac{1}{4}$  the rigsbank-daler, or *4½d.*; the “skilling-courant” is  $\frac{1}{8}$  the rigsbank-daler, or about *3½ farthings* English. There are also pieces of “4 marks,” or *1s. 6d.*; of “2 marks,” or *9d.*; of “ $\frac{1}{2}$  mark” (being *2½ skillings-courant*), or *2½d.*; of “4 rigsbank-skillings” (being *1½ lings-court*), anilks or *1½d.* English.

**COPPER.**—The “2 rigsbank-skilling” is  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a rigsbank-daler, or a  $\frac{1}{2}d.$  and a fraction; the “1 rigsbank-skilling,” is  $\frac{1}{8}$  of a rigsbank-daler; and the “ $\frac{1}{2}$  rigsbank-skilling” is  $\frac{1}{16}$  of a rigsbank-daler.

**PAPER CURRENCY.**—Notes of 100 rigsbank-dalers; of 50 ditto; of 5 ditto. So late as two years ago notes were issued of only *one* rigsbank-daler, or *2s. 3d.* English. There is only one bank in the kingdom—the Royal Bank of Copenhagen—a most excellent one, founded in 1819.

It will be seen, at a glance, that the coinage is anything but decimal. It is curious that the rigsbank-daler—the standard coin of the realm, as it were—should be divided into *ninety-six* rigsbank-

skillings. Why not into one hundred? Accounts are made out in rigsbank-dalers, marks, and skillings.\* I quickly learnt the names and value of the coins; but was long puzzled by the *size* of the so-called silver coinage. For example, the mark (value only  $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ ), is very little, if anything, smaller than the English shilling; the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mark is proportionately large; and the  $1\frac{1}{2}$  skilling-courant (value  $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ ) is just the size and appearance of an English fourpenny-piece. The mystery simply lies in the fact that all these pieces are very materially alloyed with copper. This singular method is probably resorted to from a conviction that were the pieces in question of genuine silver, they would be too minute for use.† In their present form they are certainly very convenient. Who likes to carry about him a shilling's worth of greasy copper penny-pieces—each weighing nearly an ounce? Yet I frequently had dozens of skillings-courant and rigsbank-skillings in my pocket, and their weight and bulk was hardly appreciable. The larger

\* Sometimes only in rigsbank-dalers and skillings.

† Since writing the above, it has been suggested to me that another reason is, that the alloy prevents the exportation of the small coin, which would otherwise take place, to a great extent, when the rate of exchange is favourable.

coins are pure silver; and the rigsbank-daler is, as nearly as possible, the size, and looks much like an English half-crown. Those of the coinage of the late King, Christian VIII., are from a most beautiful die, and the impress is remarkably distinct. The copper rigsbank-skilling (a fraction more than a farthing), is also a large and very pretty piece. Coins minted one hundred and fifty years ago are yet in circulation.

The COPENHAGEN POST OFFICE is deserving of a few words of notice. It is situate in Kjöbmaergade, and has no exterior feature to distinguish it, excepting a huge board fixed on the wall, bearing the names of various foreign post towns, and spaces to write dates (in chalk), announcing the arrivals of mails, &c. The entrance is by a large gateway, into a courtyard, whence a vestibule opens to the different departments of the establishment, all on the ground floor. To an Englishman, there is much which is novel and interesting about the place. The officials all wear quaint uniforms, some being gold-laced; and the letter-carriers have a red coat. Letters intended for the town delivery cannot be pre-paid, but must be dropped into a tin box, affixed to the wall of a

smaller vestibule, further down the court. There is but one town delivery daily, and the charge is two skillings per letter (about  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. English)—cheap enough in all conscience !

There are two large rooms, one on the right, and one on the left, of the principal vestibule ; and into them the public enter with letters ; and, whether they wish to pre-pay or not, they must deliver them by hand to the clerks, as no box is apportioned for the reception of unpaid letters, except for the town delivery, as already mentioned. This is a clumsy regulation, entailing much needless trouble on the public, and saving nothing in the shape of labour to the officials, but rather the reverse. The room to the left is principally devoted to letters for home and miscellaneous mails ; that to the right has separate departments for different foreign mails. People do not deliver their letters through a window or a grating, as is the case in England, but merely hand them over a sort of counter, behind which the clerks are seated ; and the leisurely manner in which the latter functionaries—who are invariably very civil—perform their duties, delighted me a score of times. I have often formed one of a crowd, congregated round

England weekly, on Tuesdays and Fridays. The time occupied in the transmission of letters from London has been on the average about as long as from Liverpool to New York. Indeed, I have found to my sorrow that the only certainty about them is their *uncertainty*. Since I have been here, no mail has arrived from London in less than about eight days: but sometimes they are a fortnight or more. As an instance of this, in consequence of the Great Belt between Zealand and Fünen being full of drift ice the middle half of January, no bags could be forwarded either way, and the mails and travellers *en route* congregated at the little island of Sprogö ("language" island), an appropriate name! Had the Great Belt been entirely frozen over, of course all would have been well; but as it was, no steamer dare face the terrific drift ice, and the Sound being frozen on the other side of Zealand, we were literally cut off from all communication with the rest of the world, of the doings of which we knew nothing, except a scrap or two of important political news telegraphed over the Belt. At length, two regular ice-boats were got to the spot, and then the mails crossed, reaching us about 24th of January, up to which time



our latest papers and letters from London were dated 4th, or just three weeks old. It is a curious fact that, when the Belt is free, we invariably get papers from Paris of from two or five days later date than from London. I frequently read in the French papers reprints of the leaders of the London daily press, full three and four or even more days, before the originals come to hand. This clearly proves that, to whatever superior arrangement, on the part of the French authorities, this despatch is attributable, it may be quite practicable for Englishmen to send their letters in winter time to Copenhagen at least two days quicker than usual by first transmitting them to Paris, to be thence reposted! It must be borne in mind that my observations only apply to the winter season, for in summer the Elbe route is open, and steamers also, occasionally, ply direct from London and Hull.

I will conclude this gossiping section by a notice of the COPENHAGEN CEMETERY. This was one of the very first places I visited, and I have not failed subsequently to become familiar with it; for in truth I don't care who goes to opera, or theatre, or concert, or ball, or lecture, so

long as I may wander through the streets of a city of the dead. I have ever delighted in musing for hours at a spell among the departed; and many a golden dialogue do I hold with them. Do not think me of a melancholy temperament because of this, for never do I reverentially take my stroll among the tombs, without feeling my spirit purified and uplifted heavenward, my heart cheered, and my mind reconciled with life, and with the prospect of death. In all magnificent Edinburgh, there was no greater favourite haunt of mine than the Western Cemetery, which is naturally one of the most romantic places of the kind, perhaps, in Europe. The Highgate Cemetery, London, is also, certainly, an attractive spot, and contains many interesting inscriptions on the tombs; one, especially, so deeply affected me, that I long hung over it with moistened eye and busy imagination. It was one line, by a daughter, over the grave of her mother, and these were the simple, all-comprehensive words:—" *Ma meilleure amie — ma mère ! Rosalie.*"

Passing through Nöre Porte (North Gate), we go a long way into the suburb of Nörrebro, before we reach the Copenhagen Cemetery, open to the

public every day. It is a very extensive place, naturally quite level, nor have any artificial means been used to give it a picturesque inequality of surface. Nevertheless, it is neatly and attractively laid out, and the great variety of tombs renders it interesting even to those who are mere surface-gazers. A very superficial glance shows that it hardly contains one monument of any pretension to grandeur, and I like it none the less for that. The whole ground is pleasantly diversified with trees and shrubs, and intersected with walks; the family graves are enclosed with low stone walls, or iron or wood railings, or with, what I thought the best of all, little hedges of privet, or other evergreens. The turf "heaves in many a mouldering heap," not (as in English churchyards) the whole length of the grave, but almost invariably in the shape of a round mound, in the centre, planted with flowers. Every fresh grave has wreaths of evergreens, moss, and flowers, upon, or suspended over it; and, indeed, the hand of affection often replaces these testimonials during many years.

None of the tawdry pictures of saints and relics, which too often disgust the eye in the French cemeteries, find place here—not even among the

graves of the Catholics, who have a particular portion of the cemetery allotted to them. Every conceivable variety of memorials are erected over the graves—except, perhaps, the broad upright slab so common in England; a cross is a very common form, often elegantly designed, either of wood, iron, or stone, with inscriptions. On many tablets, a funeral wreath is carved, or a serpent, with tail in mouth—the old emblem of eternity. At the heads of some graves are tasteful little grottoes containing urns. A few pillars are surmounted with fine marble busts, and others have a profile bust, or likeness of the deceased, painted on a tablet. There are some family graves, having very large slabs (fixed at the back of the wall next the road, and sheltered from the weather), on which are painted, in a peculiar style, groups the size of life, and of very high artistical merit. The conception and execution of one particularly affected me. It represents the dead reposed on a couch, at the head of which a pitying angel is seated, and, by the side, a weeping female, who has raised and is kissing one hand of the dead. On the other side of the body stands the poor widow, bending towards the face of him whose eyes will never more

return her glance of love, and in her arms is an infant, which piteously stretches its little hands over the cold breast, unto which it will never more be fondly clasped. A second child sobs, broken-hearted, by the side of its mother, and a third distractedly clings to a venerable old man at the foot of the couch, who points consolingly to that heaven whence the spirit of the departed may be supposed to look down on the thrilling scene.

I have already incidentally spoken of the Danish hearses and funeral rites in describing Oehlen-schløeger's burial, and I may only add that I have never seen a corpse borne on men's shoulders in Copenhagen, with the special exception of that poet.

## CHAPTER XIV.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THE lives and characters of some men may be traced in their writings with extraordinary accuracy, and of this class the whole range of literature does not furnish two more eminent examples than our own Goldsmith, and Hans Christian Andersen of Copenhagen, who may emphatically be styled the living Goldsmith of Scandinavia. Without instituting anything like a close parallel between the career and the writings of these two great men, it may be observed, that both earned fame solely by the persevering legitimate exertion of their genius; both led for some time an adventurous, wandering life; both are remarkable for the frequent personal revelations they introduce into

their works ; both have a style, which for grace and geniality is unrivalled in their respective languages ; both draw the most enchanting pictures of domestic felicity, although passing their lives in bachelorhood ; both are noted for their childlike simplicity and love of little ones ; and both have won the warm and enduring esteem of all who have enjoyed their friendship. Goldsmith's career has been closed three quarters of a century : what Andersen's may yet be, One alone can tell ; but that it may be long, and increase in happiness and lustre with its length, is the fervent wish of many besides the writer of this sketch !

The number of distinguished men produced by *lille Danmark* (the oldest kingdom in Europe), is extraordinary, when it is considered that the whole of Denmark Proper contains only one million and a half of people. Six years ago, there were living at Copenhagen three \* Danes, all united in the

\* A Copenhagen friend suggests to me that I ought to have said *four*—the fourth being Professor Hans Christian Orsted, the great chemist, the discoverer of electro-magnetism, the intimate friend of Herschel and of Humboldt, and undoubtedly the possessor of one of the very highest reputations in the scientific world. Dr. Orsted married Oehlenschlœger's sister, and Andersen is one of his most intimate friends, deriving much benefit from the rich and

closest bonds of brotherhood, all enjoying more than European celebrity. The first of these was

varied stores of Orsted's learning and genius. Dr. Orsted is a professor of the University of Copenhagen, and the head of the Polytechnic School, where he has hitherto resided, but a new home has recently been prepared for him under circumstances of extraordinary interest. As some inaccurate details of the matter have appeared recently in the English newspapers, I will here give the authentic account communicated to me in a letter from my friend at Copenhagen above alluded to. He says, "In November last year (1850), the students of the University, and of the Polytechnic School, together with their professors, celebrated his (Dr. Orsted's) jubilee. He had then been fifty years lecturer and professor at the Copenhagen University. On this occasion, or rather previous to it, a subscription had in secret been carried on amongst the students, and all who had studied under him, for the purpose of purchasing a summer residence for him. The one fixed on was the so-called *Fasangaard*, or Pheasant's Villa, situated in Frederiksberg garden (which, as you know, is of immense extent). This villa was occupied by Oehlenschlaeger until his death. As Government property, it was allowed Oehlenschlaeger to reside there. This place was then chosen, and application made to Government to sell it, as from its having been the great poet's residence in summer, and where, of course, Orsted had also passed much time, it was thought that it would be most acceptable to him. The Government, however, refused to sell it, but presented it to him as his own during the remainder of his life—may it be long! The money subscribed for the purchase was then, by unanimous consent, applied in the furnishing of the house in the most elegant and complete manner, according to the taste of the man they would honour; and what makes the generosity of the pupils still more, is this—those of the University had ordered a marble bust of him, to be finished by the above time, and those of the Polytechnic School had done the same—unknown to each other; so that two



Bertel Thorwaldsen, the mightiest sculptor perhaps the world ever produced; the second was

busts in marble by the same artist (Professor Bissen), and most excellent likenesses, now stand, the one in *Fasangaard*, and the other in the hall of the Polytechnic School! All I can say of him (Dr. Orsted) is, that I wish he were an Englishman instead of a Dane, that our own dear land might have had the honour of his birth, though I question if it would now in his old age have honoured him so highly! What think you?"

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Since the above was written, the great man to whom it refers has ceased to exist. He died at Copenhagen, on Sunday, 9th of March, 1851, in his 74th year. The same friend whose letter I have above quoted, has written for me the following interesting account of the last honours paid to Orsted's mortal remains:—

"On the Sunday succeeding his death, the students of the Polytechnic School assembled at his dwelling, (the school itself) whence they bore his body by torch-light to the great saloon of the University, which was hung with black cloth, and from that time until Tuesday the 18th, when his remains were removed, he lay there in state—four students of the Polytechnic School keeping guard by the body day and night, relieved by their fellow-students every two hours. On the day of the funeral an immense crowd of all ranks assembled to take part in the mournful ceremony. After the procession had gathered in the different rooms of the University, it set out at twelve o'clock to the great saloon (*Solennitetssal*) which was hung with black and lighted with candles in sconces, and where a deputation from the different schools placed a silver wreath on the coffin. The first part of a cantale, by Professor Haunch, was then sung, and the Minister of State, Clausen, made an appropriate speech. The cantale being concluded, the procession left the University for the adjoining church (*Fruekirke*) in the following order:—The students and polytechnists with their craped flags; the coffin, borne by students and polytechnists; the mem-

Adam Oehlenschlæger, the Shakspeare of the north; the third, Hans Christian Andersen—now, alas! the only survivor. At the present day, the array of Danish authors, in every department of literature, who may be styled not merely men of talent but of undoubted genius, is greater than that of many kingdoms boasting ten or twenty times the population of Denmark. The Government of the latter nobly encourages its gifted subjects, by granting *stipendiums* to young authors, sculptors, and painters, to travel abroad for a term of years for improvement in their several professions; and also grants most liberal permanent pensions to nearly every deserving author and artist, besides

bers of the family of the deceased; the King's Adjutant-General, as representing the King's person; the Crown Prince, the University's Rector Magnificus; the clergy, the professors of the University, and the Polytechnic School; the Ministers of State and Corps Diplomatique; the Presidents of Parliament, and other authorities; deputations from the high schools, from the military, from the corporate bodies, &c. So large was the procession, that it occupied three quarters of an hour in going from the University to the church. The latter was hung with black cloth and lighted up. The Archdeacon Tryke preached the funeral sermon (as he had previously done for Thorvaldsen and Oehlenschlæger). At three P.M., the body was borne out of the church and conveyed to the burial-ground. The citizen guards were on duty before the University and church, and the bands played dead marches. The whole was conducted with the greatest order and solemnity."

presenting them with University professorships, and other sources of honourable emolument. Were it not for this munificent fostering aid, the remuneration derivable from so small a public as the Danish authors are confined to, from the peculiarity of their language, would be utterly inadequate for their support in a majority of instances. What a lesson to our own mighty land, that a poor little country, possessing neither the wealth nor the population of a single English county, actually does immeasurably more in this respect than Great Britain—the first nation in the universe! Denmark, taking it all in all, is the most intellectual country of modern times—or possibly, of all times. This may seem, at first sight, a startling assertion, but it is nevertheless correct.

The annals of the world cannot furnish a more interesting example of innate genius bursting the trammels of poverty, and winning itself, with resistless impulse, a position commensurate with its worth, than does the career of Hans Christian Andersen. He was born at Odensee, the chief town of the Island of Fuën (in Denmark Proper), on the 2nd of April, 1805. His father was a shoemaker, a man of gloomy, brooding temperament,

dashed with a spice of dreamy enthusiasm. He also possessed latent germs of poesy, and is understood to have made some desultory attempts to develop this power. He died during the childhood of his son, who was shortly afterwards put to work at a mill-factory, where for a time his position was easy, as he conciliated the men by singing to them whilst they laboured, having at that time a voice of extraordinary pathos and beauty. After a while, however, he experienced so much ill-treatment, and, on account of his timidity and awkwardness, was so ridiculed and persecuted by other boys, that he was compelled to leave.

As poor little Hans grew older, his passion for poetry and theatricals was strikingly evinced. He doated on every play-bill he could lay his hands on—he spelled over some plays he procured (including a translation of one or two of Shakspeare's)—and he himself actually composed some tremendous tragedies, which astonished in the neighbourhood, but exposed the sensitive child author to remorseless ridicule. No matter, the electric spark of genius had been struck, however faintly, and all the sneers and taunts of the world could not ex-

tinguish the sacred fire. A single expression of commendation will, in the estimation of an aspiring boy, far outweigh volleys of derisive laughter. Yet, even then, Hans seems to have been not altogether destitute of encouragement. His poetical efforts attracted the notice of one or two families in the higher walks of life, and one lady especially took him under her protection. His mother, with a mother's intuitive perception, had hopes, though not of a very tangible nature, that her child would become something "more than common," and wise women of her acquaintance fanned the idea by sanguine predictions to the same effect. Hans, himself, fed his ardent yearnings by gloating over the stories of great men, who once were poor little boys, as lowly, despised, and buffeted, as he then was. Still he continued childlike in his ordinary amusements and pursuits, but the notion of working his way to distinction by the medium of the stage, laid strong and abiding hold of his fervid imagination.

When about fourteen years of age, he finally got his mother's consent to go to the capital to seek his fortune. He set off with a little hoarded money in his pocket, and a note of introduction

to a lady belonging to the Theatre Royal. The solitary young adventurer arrived in Copenhagen in the autumn of 1819, but his bashful, awkward address, and his utter ignorance of life, added to his very imperfect education, proved bars at the outset, and his reception was sadly disheartening. There was no employment for him on the stage; and he had next recourse to a mechanical trade. This he was still more unfitted for—planing boards, and hammering together boxes, was no congenial work for a delicately-constituted and poetic dreamer. No doubt, with regard to such a calling, he felt the lines of Shakspeare eminently pat:—"There was small love between us in the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it on further acquaintance!"

His occupation was once more gone—plank after plank slipped from under his feet, yet his hopes were not all shipwrecked; he did not yield to despair—his nature was too buoyant for that. He prayed to God for help, and when the clouds gathered darkest, a light shone through them. Some eminent professional people took him by the hand, and obtained for him vocal instruction. His voice broke after a time, and his patrons sent him

to a public school for general education. The master of it was far from rightly appreciating the character and genius of his pupil, and deeming him a stupid fellow, treated him with a harshness which he afterwards deeply repented.

Step by step did Andersen struggle on; and about his twenty-fourth year he produced a work, entitled "A Pedestrian Journey from Holmen's Canal to the East Point of Amager,\* in the years 1828 and 1829." This is only a small work, and has never been translated into German and English—probably on account of its local nature, and because the greater portion of it is poetry. It at once made the fame of the author. The public were surprised and delighted by the grace of its language, and the charming play of fancy and fertility of imagination it displayed. Andersen doubtless now regards it with the affection which every author feels for the firstborn of his genius. Still, it was only a promise of better things; and from that time forward, the author found himself becoming a man of note, and had a willing audience for his future efforts. Several minor

\* Holmen's Canal is in Copenhagen, and *Amager* is a very remarkable island joined to the city by long bridges.

works followed, including "Love on St. Nicholas' Tower," a vaudeville, and some volumes of poems (in 1830), which became highly popular. His next work of magnitude was entitled "Skyggebilleder" (literally "Shadow pictures"), and was translated by his friend Beckwith into English, under the more explicit and comprehensive title of "Rambles in the Romantic Regions of the Hartz Mountains." It ought to be premised that he had previously received a *stipendium* from Government to travel, and this work was one fruit of it. Various pieces for the theatre followed, all more or less successful. In the year 1835, appeared the first series of his "Eventyr"—a work of world-wide celebrity. He has continued it up to the present time, with undiminished success. In 1835, he also produced the most enthusiastic and most highly esteemed of all his works—"The Improvisatore," translated into English by Mary Howitt. In 1836, was pub-

\* We have no equivalent in the English language for this word. "Fairy tales" comes nearest, but that does not convey the correct meaning, for there is greater latitude of subject in "*Eventyr*" than would be presumable from "fairy tales." The popularity of these "*Eventyr*" in the north, and throughout Germany, is incredible.



lished "O. T." (a novel; and also "Part and Meet" an idyllic drama, for the stage. In 1837, appeared "Only a Fiddler!" a novel. During the next two years he brought out several poems, and in 1839, "The Invisible on Sprogö" a farce.\* In 1840, he produced the "Mulatto," a romantic drama, and this was quickly followed by a tragedy, entitled "The Moorish Girl." He visited Italy a second time in 1840; and on his return, appeared, in 1842, his very delightful work, "The Poet's Bazaar," which has also been translated into English. After that "A Picture Book without Pictures," and a volume of poems. His last novel was "The Two Baronesses," also translated into English. A long poem, called "Ahasuerus," followed. His own "Autobiography" alone remains to be mentioned; and a new work, the results of his late visit to Sweden, has just been published in London, (rendered into English by the poet himself), entitled "Pictures of Sweden."

Andersen has travelled in Germany, Italy,

\* *Sprogö* means literally "language island." It is situated in the Great Belt, between Corsøer, in Zealand, and Nyborg, in Fünen.

France, Greece, Sweden, England, &c., and many a glowing page of description has he given of the scenes he has beheld. He has enjoyed the friendship of the most eminent men of literature and science, in every land he has visited. He received the honour of knighthood in four different countries. Perhaps fewer of his works have been translated into English, than most other European languages. Nearly all of them have been translated into Swedish, German, and French, and have enjoyed a large circulation in those countries. Some of his works have appeared in Russian and Dutch. Nay, a number of his poems have even been translated into the Greenland language, and are said to be sung daily by the hardy natives of the regions of "thick-ribbed ice!"

Rarely a week passes without one or more small poems by Andersen appearing in the daily journals of Copenhagen. Never was any poem of his heard for the first time under such intensely affecting circumstances as the one on the death of Oehlenschl ger, the *digter-konge* (poet-king) of Scandinavia. As the body of that poet was being conveyed to the tomb, on the 26th of

January, 1850, the immense procession stopped opposite the house in which he was born, and the verses, by his bosom friend Andersen, composed for the occasion, were sung over the inanimate remains. Andersen's "Farvel" (farewell) to Oehlenschlæger, a noble tribute, was published on the same day in the Copenhagen "Fædrelandet" (Fatherland), a daily paper.

No English author can be fitly compared to Andersen — Goldsmith, perhaps, alone excepted. The style of these two authors is, however, essentially different. They chiefly resemble one another in the benignancy of their tone, the exquisite play of their fancy, their truthfulness to nature, their deep feeling, their winning geniality, the *purpureum lumen* which they throw around their ideals of loveliness. But Andersen is far more impassioned, more enthusiastic, more imaginative, more abrupt, than Goldsmith. His mannerism is purely original, and it may be said to be in its degree inimitable. There is a charm in his way of telling the most ordinary everyday occurrences that everybody feels, but which is too subtle to be described. Who but Andersen could sit down, and pen a delightful chapter on the

fact, that *his old boots were worn out*? He has done this, in his "Poet's Bazaar," in a way which irresistibly enchains the interest of the reader, although, in any other hands but his, the subject would have proved ludicrous and absurd. He has a loving heart, and an imagination steeped in poesy. He thus sees everything through a medium so different from the majority of people, that when he tells us his sensations and thoughts about any object whatever, we are amazed and delighted to recognize our homely household familiars dressed up in garbs celestial. It must not be supposed that he lets his imagination run riot in opposition to common sense. He makes his Pegasus feel the restraint of bit and curb. His religion is unfeigned, and from childhood, has been of a deep, absorbing character; but it is the religion of the heart and soul, not the lip-service of the mere professor. He does not wear his faith pinned on his sleeve, to be seen by the world; but he walks humbly with his God in secret, and a manly, touching spirit of Christianity pervades all his writings, and influences all his daily actions. A profound philosopher he is not; neither is he pre-eminent for his knowledge of human nature in

all its depths. He never makes a set attempt at moralising; but he scatters the seeds of goodwill, faith, hope, and charity, with a profuse hand. He cannot be said to keep one great aim in view in any of his works, but he simply and trustingly weaves "pictures" luminous with sympathy, radiant with hope. The great secret of his power is in speaking unpremeditatedly and unreservedly *from the heart to the heart*. He appeals to all the finer and more ennobling feelings and aspirations of humanity, and never appeals in vain. He desires to reconcile us to our lot in life—to show us that we are surrounded with the elements of joy and happiness, if we will but make use of them—to induce us to feel the holy truth, that we are all children of one Father, heirs to immortality, brothers in spirit as well as in flesh. This he does, not by dry-bone disquisitions, but by touches of the kind which "make the world one kin." In a word, he emphatically finds "sermons in stones, and good in everything;" and realises his own happiness in diffusing happiness around.

In person, Andersen is extremely tall, with a slight stoop in the shoulders, and a somewhat peculiar gait. His head is well developed; his

features are open and cordial as his nature ; and there is a sparkle and luminous depth in his eye eminently suggestive of indwelling poetic power. His manners are peculiarly frank, genial, and prepossessing. No literary man in any country has enjoyed more familiarly the society of the most gifted spirits of the age than he has, and no one can pour forth such inexhaustible reminiscences of their conversation and daily life. Andersen is naturally of a wandering disposition. He is not a "philosophical vagabond;" but he has an ardent thirst for roaming over foreign parts, not to "spy their nakedness," nor to moralise upon their scale of civilisation, but to note every little touching or fanciful scene that falls within the sphere of his desultory observation, and to work up the most simple incidents into charming "pictures," as he delights to denominate his sketches. Much as he has sojourned in different countries, it is believed that he cannot speak any language but his own; at any rate, not at all with facility. Like many highly imaginative men, he is a very poor linguist; and his friends have been heard to marvel how it is that he manages so well among people with whom he can with difficulty

make himself understood. Moreover, once out of Scandinavia, let him travel where he may, he would not meet with one educated man in ten thousand capable of conversing with him in a language so little cultivated by foreigners as Danish, and the number of his own countrymen scattered abroad must necessarily be very small. A sort of instinct seems to guide him in lieu of the gift of tongues. The Danish language is by no means either plastic or copious.

Andersen is an author peculiarly difficult to translate, owing to the intensely vivid imagery which pervades every sentence; and it is a hopeless task for any one to dream of doing justice to his fine qualities, unless he himself possesses very considerable power of language, and kindred poetic feelings and fancy.

Wanderer as Andersen is, and enthusiastically as he speaks of fair southern climes, he nevertheless is passionately attached to his "Scandinavian home" as he calls it; and, when on his frequent wanderings, many a sigh does he send towards his loved fatherland, *gamle Danmark* (old Denmark); and many a yearning remembrance of his endeared Danish friends does he gratefully indulge in. His "home" is Copenhagen; and there

he resides, leading a very quiet, frugal, regular life. His circumstances are easy. He dresses fashionably, and with notable neatness, and is a frequent and welcome visitor in the best society. His conversation is lively and interesting; his manners amiable, winning, and gentlemanlike. He is emphatically a kind-hearted man, happy in his vocation, his wide circle of deeply-attached friends, and the appreciation of the world. None can make his personal acquaintance, without speedily entertaining a feeling of sincere esteem for the man, as well as admiration for the poet. He is honestly proud of the fruits of his genius, and is tremblingly sensitive to the satirical attacks they have from time to time been subjected to. Such onslaughts are the common penalties to which celebrity has ever been liable, and, in his case, they are mainly attributable to sheer envy on the part of less gifted and less fortunate aspirants. It is related that Andersen and his most able, as well as most bitter, literary foe, happened to meet at Rome, and from that time forward became warm and constant friends.

Andersen has a most extraordinary affection for children, and will play with them for hours together, joining heart and soul in their sports, enter-



ing into the spirit of their enjoyments, laughing and rollicking with them as though he were himself a child once more. I have indeed heard, that when Andersen had attained an age when some precocious youths would have been inditing "a sonnet to their mistress's eyebrows," he was wont to privately indulge in dressing dolls and other pursuits of very young children. However this may be, I can at any rate vouch for the fact, that he does at this day respond to the feelings and aspirations of children in a most remarkable degree; and is never happier than when he gets a merry group of little ones around him, eagerly listening to the amusing fairy tales he extemporises for their especial gratification.

He has never married; and, according to Copenhagen gossip, he never will. A Danish lady told me that he *has* been in love—once, and once only—but probably never will be again. Her statement is strikingly confirmed by a sweet little poem of his, entitled "What I love," in which occur the lines—

"And woman! ah, *one* only ever gained my heart,  
*But she became a bride!* compell'd from her to part,  
I love the sad remembrance cherish'd in my breast."

When it is considered that Andersen, like Goldsmith, habitually introduces in his writings snatches of his varied personal experiences with undoubted fidelity, and that he ever speaks unfeignedly from the heart, these lines seem to settle the question. So far as fraternal friendships with the angelic portion of our race is concerned, Andersen has ever had his share. Among the Scandinavian celebrities of the fair sex with whom he has for many years been on terms of unreserved intimacy are Jenny Lind, Miss Bremer, and Frue Flygare Carlén. He has paid touching tributes to the genius and goodness of Jenny in one of his works. With regard to Frue Flygare Carlén, it may not be generally known that her reputation as a novelist far transcends that of Miss Bremer in their native country—Sweden. I found throughout Norway, and even so far north as the vicinity of the North Cape itself, she is literally loved by all classes for her delightful fictions. The Swedes themselves told me that Miss Bremer is only a “parlour novelist”—meaning that she delineates merely the life of the upper classes of society in her beautiful works, and leaves an impression on the foreign reader that Sweden must

be a sort of terrestrial paradise—which it most certainly is not.

Last March I called on Andersen at his rooms in *Nyehavn* on the morning of my departure for Norway. He showed me a great variety of engraved portraits of himself, wishing me to select one. I preferred that he should make his own choice, and he accordingly took a Swedish lithographed one, which he considered the most faithful. He was about to sign his autograph at the foot, when he suddenly rose from the table, and, taking a volume from his book-case, turned its leaves rapidly over. I could not imagine what he wanted it for, as it was a volume of Mr. Beckwith's English translation of his "Poet's Bazaar." He carefully copied a sentence from this translation, writing it at the foot of the portrait, and appending his signature. When he presented it to me, I read with a thrill of emotion the words —

"The first moment of arrival at home, is, however, the bouquet of the whole voyage.

"HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN."

Nothing could be more finely appropriate than this, for I was, and am a wanderer, long away from my kindred and home. Should Heaven vouch-

me the felicity of once more standing beneath the roof that sheltered my natal day. From the depths of my beating heart will gush forth in the prophetic words of my friend—the gentle and gifted poet of Scandinavia !

## CHAPTER XV.

CHRISTIANSBORG PALACE — THE EXCHANGE — THE ROYAL  
LIBRARY—THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY—THE RUNDE TAAEN  
—THE UNIVERSITY.

AN inspection of the celebrated Royal Library of Copenhagen at *Christiansborg Slot* ("the Palace of Christian,") afforded me high gratification. This palace is situated on *Slots-holmen* ("Palace Island"), which little island is separated on the city side only by a canal, and is quite covered with superb buildings; for, besides the above, there are upon it the closely adjoining Thorwaldsen's Museum, the Exchange, the Exchequer or Chancellor's Offices, the National Bank, the Palace-Church, the Military Arsenal, &c. Christiansborg Palace itself is truly one of the most stupendous build-

ings, as far as the space it covers is concerned, which I ever beheld. It was rebuilt little more than twenty years ago, and nothing but a detailed description would give the reader an adequate conception of the amazing size of the whole structure. That part which fronts the canal, is grand and very lofty, with six Corinthian columns, and a bas-relief in the central portion ; and near the entrance are niches containing four enormous and very fine bronze figures of Hercules, Minerva, Æsculapius, and Nemesis, designed by Thorwaldsen.\* There is a vast quadrangle, &c., through which the public can pass. The building is occupied by gorgeous halls, picture galleries, the Supreme Court of Justice, (where the King presides on solemn audiences), the unrivalled Museum of Northern Antiquities, the Royal Library, the apartments for

\* They were all put up during my residence in the early part of 1850. On expressing my surprise at seeing old Æsculapius in such a position, a well-informed friend gave me the following curious explanation : The order for the execution of the statues was sent to Thorwaldsen at Rome. Now, the Danish word for Truth is *Sandhed*, but Thorwaldsen mistook the word for *Helbred* (Health) ; and accordingly proceeded to design Health by the figure of Esculapius ! It was in vain that his friends at the time pointed out the ludicrous error. He persisted that Health it was, and that Health it should be—and so Health it is which succeeding generations will gaze upon instead of an ideal of truth !

the officers and servants of the royal household, &c.

I may here fitly say a word or two of the other buildings above alluded to. The Exchange is one of the most remarkable edifices in Copenhagen—and their name is Legion. It may be justly styled unique. It is thoroughly foreign in its aspect, and especially attracts the eye of an Englishman, by its novelty of form and detail, and its general striking effect. It was erected about two hundred years ago, and is built, like the majority of structures in Copenhagen, of small red bricks of the most excellent quality. The manner in which they are laid is capital, and the walls look as fresh as though raised yesterday. No material is more durable than brick, when small and well made, and the Danes seem to have carried the art both of brick-making and brick-laying to a pitch of unrivalled excellence. I have examined in Copenhagen many brick buildings, both old and new, and have been much interested by the extraordinary beauty of the workmanship, and the extreme finish of the materials. It is notorious what disgraceful doings in the brick-and-mortar line prevail in England, especially in the largest cities,

where the object kept in view generally is to "run up" something on the principle that "razors are made to sell." Thank goodness, speculators cannot export these brick-and-mortar shams for sale abroad, otherwise they would bring the name of English productions into as great disrepute as some short-sighted manufacturers of hard-ware have of late years done in their line. How wofully we have degenerated from the craft in brick-work of our ancestors, numerous specimens of ancient date attest. Probably one of the most beautiful examples of brick-work in England is the old vaulted ceiling of a corridor in Tattershal Castle in Lincolnshire. It is worth going a hundred miles to see. The reason so many churches and public buildings in Denmark are built of brick, is undoubtedly owing to the non-existence of home stone-quarries. There are, however, in Copenhagen, many noble stone edifices, and several palaces, &c., are of very costly Norwegian marble. The very oldest existing building in all Copenhagen is connected with Christiansborg Palace (near the wing occupied by the Royal Library), having originally been itself the palace of a bishop of Copenhagen, five or six centuries ago. I was expressly conducted



to view it, and found it to consist of a tower and a range of buildings, all of brick. The exterior of the tower itself, and a portion of the edifice, have, at some modern period, been coated over, but the plaster has fallen off considerably, and one large wall evidently never has been covered. The bricks are the size of those in use in England, and their state of preservation is perfect. It is questionable whether the walls have ever been "pointed" since their erection, and brick and mortar alike seem hard as iron. This extremely interesting relic is a very plain structure, with little square windows, and does not appear to be now put to any use whatever. I strongly recommend travelers to pay it a visit, simply to behold the most ancient edifice in Copenhagen, although perhaps not generally known to be such.

To return to the Exchange. It is a two-story building of great length, running parallel with the canal, on which side it has the appearance of a continuous row of uniform gable-ended houses, (a central one, and four on either side), all forming one structure, the windows being set in stones, and the whole surface elaborately and profusely

ornamented with carvings in the same material—the effect being singularly rich and pleasing. There are shops in the lower portion of the building, facing the canal. The entrances to the Exchange itself are at each end, and that looking towards the palace is approached through a short avenue of trees, adorned with statues of Neptune and Mercury. Its front has costly marble columns, surmounted by a long inscription. From the centre of the building rises a very lofty and most extraordinary spire of copper, the base of which (above the roof of the Exchange) is formed by the heads of four dragons, facing the several quarters of the compass—their bodies and tails being turned upwards and wreathed together in a corkscrew shape, tapering finely to the summit.

The hall in which the merchants meet (from two till four), is somewhat gloomy. It is adorned with pictures, especially a large historical painting of the visit paid by Christian IV to the famous astronomer, Tycho Brahe. The king, attended by scowling jealous courtiers, is represented as entering the very humble abode of that illustrious philosopher, who is studying a book, with his wife

and child by his side. There are suits of shops, in a semi-circle, within the body of the Exchange, to which the public has free access.

The National Bank is a plain stone erection, close by the Exchange. The arsenal, also near to it, contains a vast accumulation of military stores, and arms for eighty-thousand men. Of Thorwaldsen's Museum I shall give a special separate notice.

I was most obligingly conducted over the Royal Library by one of the chief librarians, who was at great trouble to show me over every part, and to give me an insight into the system of its arrangement. The principal room is most magnificent, and full three-hundred English feet in length. Down the centre of the room is a pavement of black and white marble. On each side of it are nests of open shelves, five or six feet high, with spaces between them for passing on to the slightly raised floor of the narrow side-aisles, at the back of which are the principal shelves. Over these runs a gallery on each side of the room, also filled with shelves of books. This gallery is supported by pillars, which have a tastefully gilt band around them at top and bottom,

and other portions of the room are gilded, and it is beautifully painted throughout. The appearance of it, both as a whole, and when viewed in detail is most pleasing, and excites feelings of warm admiration. Nothing can exceed the regularity, the systematic order, and the extraordinary care evinced in the arrangement of the volumes, and their perfect accessibility. Moreover, no drawing-room is more spotless—less tainted by dirt or dust. No one was in this vast repository but the librarian and myself. Here, thought I, do I behold, at a glance, the collective genius, wisdom, and wit, of the world, during many centuries of its existence. Here are the life-labours of the greatest intellects who have ever dwelt on earth—here are the imperishable legacies they have bequeathed to all its future ages! Not a volume is there which has not a deeply interesting private history attached to its production. The busy brain which conceived and the hand which wrote it, may have long mouldered into dust, but here the book is, a dumb, yet still, what an eloquent preacher of the glory and the nothingness of man!

Over the principal room extends a suite of many

others of great size. My conductor successively favoured me with an inspection of all. One contains the rare and costly collections of Persian, Hindoostanee, and other Eastern MSS., &c. There is a comparatively very small reading room, where I found perhaps a dozen gentlemen seated. It appears that only few availed themselves of this privilege. With regard to the extent to which it is really and truly a Public Library, I find that books are freely lent to every known respectable householder, and that any resident who bears a recommendation from such a person, has perfectly equal privileges.

I was shown the general catalogue of this library, contained in from four hundred and fifty to five hundred thick octavo-sized volumes. I call them volumes, for to outward appearance they are such, when arranged on their numerous shelves, having handsomely lettered backs. The truth is, they are boxes, opening at the side, and filled with separate slips of paper, not bound together at all. On each slip is beautifully written the title, number, &c., of one book only, with space for remarks. There is also a distinct classified catalogue. The librarian gave me a practical illustration of the

excellent arrangement of the volumes, and the astonishing ease with which any book whatever can be instantly found. He took at random a paper from one of the catalogue volumes, and read the number of the book to which it referred. Each of the shelves bears a number, as also does every book they contain. Suppose the slip in his hand was  $\frac{72}{985}$ , it would thus indicate that the number of the shelf was 72, and the number of the book 985. He went instantly to the shelf, and in literally a quarter of a minute found the book. He assured me that any work in the library could be found with equal ease. When a book is lent out, its title and number, and the name and address of the borrower, are written on a slip of paper which is put in the place of the volume until the latter is returned. One thus sees numerous ends of these slips projecting among the rows of books. Respecting standard works on important classical and legal subjects, in the various European languages, it is usual to procure every new edition as it issues from the press. I was shown successive editions of English works, of the above description, down to the present year.

The librarian told me that in 1845 he went to

Paris and London, expressly to inspect their public libraries, in order to derive, if possible, useful hints in management and arrangement, but he says his journey was fruitless—which I can well believe. I mentioned to him the very much disputed subject of the actual number of volumes in this Royal Library, and asked whether he had seen the recently published able letters on that and other foreign libraries, in the London “Athenæum?” He said that he had, and on my particularly asking if he really believed there were upwards of four hundred thousand volumes (the number usually ascribed), he distinctly asserted that there was full that quantity. I enquired, also, whether they had many duplicate copies? He replied, No, very few; for some years ago they presented fifty thousand volumes of duplicates to found a public library in Norway. The number of officers employed in the establishment appears to be small. At leaving, I inscribed my name and address in a little album kept to record the visits of strangers.

A few days later, I visited the University Library, having been introduced to the chief librarian by a personal friend of that learned

doctor, who, in consequence, most kindly gave me every possible facility to view it. This library is also public on a similar principle to the Royal Library, and contains upwards of one hundred thousand volumes. It possesses Persian and Oriental MSS., which, though only filling a few shelves, the librarian assured me are considered the richest collection in Europe, with the exception of one at Paris. Above all it has an unrivalled mass of ancient Scandinavian and Icelandic MSS. Many of these I examined. They are generally written on parchment, in a book form, bound together with thongs of leather, and some of them have thick oak covers, black with age; but the majority are bound in parchment. The Icelandic MSS. are so exquisitely written, that they deceive the eye at first sight, for print: This error is much favoured by the circumstance that many of them, even those in a duodecimo size, are written in double columns per page. One of the most ancient and dilapidated volumes among them, particularly excited my curiosity. It was a bulky, square little volume, and I requested a Danish clergyman with me to decipher its subject, if he could. He did so, and to my



surprise and amusement, it proved to be, from beginning to end, a solemn moral treatise on—*Pride!* Only think of some Icelandic sage thus deeming it necessary to devote several years of his life, (as he must have done) to compose a warning to his countrymen on such a theme as that, perchance a dozen or fifteen centuries ago! Had it been penned by a monk in some luxurious court of the South of Europe, one would not have marvelled, but to be addressed to a handful of Icelanders, living in the most simple and hardy manner conceivable, and shut out from general intercourse with the world by icy seas, does appear strange. Some of the numerous devotional treatises in the collection, are beautifully illuminated like missals. This is unquestionably the largest and grandest collection of the kind in the world. It was presented to the University half a century or more ago, by an Icelanders, who, during a greater portion of his life had been possessed with a perfect mania for accumulating these treasures in a very unscrupulous way. "Ah, sir," said (in substance) the librarian to me, "he got them honestly when he could, but when he could not do that, *he still got*

*them !*" I was amazed to learn that such was the humiliating manner in which this priceless mass of unique literature was obtained ; and on questioning closely, I learnt enough to make me eye the loaded shelves with bitter indignation and loathing.

The poor Icelanders, who are nearly all well-educated, and frequently learned, possess few printed books, but nearly every family has MS. volumes which descend from generation to generation. Hardly any bribe will induce them to part with these venerated heir-looms, in which are enshrined the religious aspirations, the morals, the legends, and the history of their isle, and the faithful records of each individual family. It seems that the *in-famous* bibliomaniac in question, made a practice of going from house to house, and watched his opportunity of rifling it of its only treasures. Such was the actual manner in which he gradually accumulated the great majority of the works—the rest he honestly bought. I believe the Copenhagen University was totally ignorant of the manner in which the greater portion of the gift they accepted had been come by, at the time ; and now, after a lapse of fifty years it is impos-

sible to make a restoration of the works to their rightful owners. The librarian also showed me a number of drawers filled with Norwegian documents, some of which I was permitted to examine, being title-deeds to property, diplomas, commissions, and various other deeds either of importance or of antiquarian interest. These also have in some way been wrongly acquired whilst Norway was united to Denmark, and I learn that the former has repeatedly demanded their restoration, (and even very recently) but the Danes, while admitting themselves to be little better than holders of stolen goods, refuse to give them up. It is true, say they, that we have no legal right to these papers, but you can show no better, therefore we may as well keep them as you. I could not get a very clear understanding of the precise merits of the case, but believe it is true that, considering the documents as state-papers, Norway, as a nation, has no fairer claim than Denmark to their custody.

The University Library is not at the University itself, but is kept in the *Runde Taarn* (Round Tower). This very extraordinary ancient structure is quite unique, and consists of a vast round

brick tower, rising to a great height, and having a large handsome church attached to it, where four clergymen preach in rotation. This tower was originally designed for an observatory, and as such its summit is still used. It is not mounted by steps, but by an inclined plane of brickwork, which goes spirally round the interior, at such a gentle inclination, that a legend asserts, that Peter the Great of Russia, drove his Empress up and down in a carriage and four. This is certainly practicable. The "road" is lighted by large stone loop-holes, barred with iron, which was done at a recent period in consequence of numerous suicides, (chiefly by young girls disappointed in love), having been committed through their medium, as well as from the summit of the tower. The latter is now only open to the public a couple of hours or so, on two days of the week, and my visit to the library did not happen to be on one of these, but I was favoured with a private ascent. The quaint room dedicated to the astronomical observatory, is perched aloft, and it was well worth while to glance at the instruments and appliances it contained. The view of Copenhagen, the surrounding country,

and the sea, from the battlements was most interesting. The day was one at the latter end of February, exceedingly clear, with bright warm sunshine, and a strong breeze. From hence, Malmö, on the Swedish coast, is plainly discernable, and even Elsinore—twenty-six English miles distant by land.

I was conducted the same day to the Copenhagen University by one of its members. The grand new portion of the building was only erected in 1836. The frescoes in the noble vestibule are not yet completed. They are mainly illustrative of Northern mythology, and are admirable works of art. The great hall for solemn convocations contains a throne for the king, and has a gallery round the upper portion for an orchestra. It struck me as being meagrely decorated, and of very ordinary architectural design; but it is not completed at present. There is a fine collection of mineralogy, which I inspected with considerable pleasure, and also museums of anatomy and zoology. This renowned university has probably about nine hundred students. Some said there were only six hundred to eight hundred of them, and others

above one thousand—the discrepancy arose from individuals including or omitting in their estimate certain classes. The university has many first-rate professors, and is richly endowed. Comparatively speaking, many of its students are Icelanders, who are noted for their application and mental powers. About one hundred poor students have each a free room in the old part of the building, with fire found them, and an allowance of eight rix-dollars (18s.) per month. I was favoured with a view of one of the rooms, as a specimen: its tenant was a very intellectual looking young Icclander, who seemed pleased with the visit of the English stranger. I glanced with much interest around his humble but clean and comfortable little home. He and a fellow-student it appeared jointly occupied that and another similar room, opening one into the other. I noticed a nest of shelves full of neatly-arranged books—the combined stock of the friends, more prized and enjoyed by them probably, than many a nobleman prizes and enjoys his library of twenty thousand gorgeous bound tomes.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## COPENHAGEN BEYOND THE GATES—ISLAND OF AMAGER.

I BRIEFLY mentioned in the introductory section, that Copenhagen is a regularly fortified city. The lofty earthen, tree-planted ramparts, which entirely encircle it on the land side, afford truly beautiful promenades and carriage drives; and it is easy to conceive how animated an aspect they must present in summer. Even in the depth of winter, considerable numbers of citizens frequent them on every sunshiny day, provided the ground is not moistened by a thaw. When a keen frost succeeds the latter, the entire surface of the walks becomes like one sheet of ice; and at such times it is not unusual to find gangs of "slaves" (of whom I shall speak in a future

separate section), spreading ashes, brick-dust, &c. to render footing safe. Many windmills sing their airy song on the elevated level of the ramparts; and all along their base, on the town side, are numerous rope-walks. These ramparts on fine Sundays—and there were several in the months of February and March—are a favourite resort of the peasant women, who enliven the scene by their gaudy, national costumes. They wear fringed petticoats, and stiff, glazed gowns of the brightest hues, with very deep borders of a lighter colour, sprinkled with flowers, and spangled with gold. They sometimes wear a sort of snow-white hood, sometimes a black one; and frequently a beautiful close cap of stiff, rich lace, simply bent in an oval shape over the head, and often having a back part of sparkling golden plate and ornaments—occasionally solid, and therefore of considerable value. Altogether, their appearance is very picturesque and striking; and I have seen as rosy, tempting faces peep out of those quaint hoods and caps, as ever bloomed around an English maypole! Sentinels are posted at intervals along the ramparts, but no artillery is mounted; and I trust there never more will be



occasion to plant the grim engines of destruction there.

Copenhagen has four gates, through one or other of which it is absolutely necessary to pass, except when landing from the Sound. These gates are respectively called *Norre-porte* (North-gate), *Oster-porte* (East-gate), *Vester-porte* (West-gate), and *Amager-porte* (Amager-gate). The latter is the Southern gate, communicating with the island of *Amager* (or *Amak*,) whence its name. These gates, are, in fact, brick tunnels, pierced through the ramparts, thus continuing the road on a level. The archways, which are lighted at night by lamps, are of very great length, and have handsome stone fronts of various ages, (that of *Vester-porte* bearing date 1668), and some of them are ornamented with statuary. At the town entrance to each gate, is a guard-house, and sentinels are posted day and night. Strong gates are at either extremity of the *porte*, which are of course wide open in the daytime. Passing through, we come to a moat, which encircles the city on the land side; this is crossed at the *portes* by bridges, defended by barricades and outworks.

A little further on is a much wider moat or lake,

to different parts of which different names are given, as *Peblinge So* (Schoolboy Lake), *St. Jorgens So* (St. George's Lake), &c. Beyond are the *contours*, where all the provisions coming into the city are weighed, and charged duty for admission. Thus meat is a penny per pound cheaper outside the gates than within, and probably this naturally helps the rapid growth of the suburbs. The gates are all closed at midnight, but at one of them—the *Vester-porte*—by a regulation introduced only about a year ago, persons can pass throughout the night on payment of only two skillings ( $\frac{1}{2}d.$ ). I thankfully availed myself of this at nearly two o'clock one morning, having supped at a friend's house far beyond the gates.

The suburbs are named (after the four quarters in which they are respectively situated) *Nørrebro*, *Vesterbro*, *Osterbro*, *Amagerbro*. Of some of the most remarkable features of these suburbs, incidental mention has been already made in various preceding sections. Their general aspect has nothing particularly novel. There are many pleasant villas, and many places of summer resort, as *Tivolis*, Theatres, *Sommerlysts*, (extensive and very beautiful summer tea-gardens,) &c. Moreover,

there are numerous fine *Allées*, or promenades, between avenues of trees, along the roads, and also bordering the shores of the lakes; but from the perfect flatness of the whole country, nothing in the shape of the picturesque in scenery is to be met with.

In *Osterbro* is the marine cemetery, and there moulder the bones of the gallant seamen who fell under the fire of Nelson, in the famous fight on April 2nd, 1801. Some of these suburbs extend a very long way into the country. Beyond *Vesterbro* is the Palace of Fredericksborg, the summer residence of the King. It is situated on the most elevated spot of ground near Copenhagen. There is nothing of interest about either the exterior or interior of the building, but the gardens are extensive, and said to be very beautiful.

On the subject of Copenhagen beyond the gates, I may fitly speak of the very interesting island of Amager (Amak). It is situated to the south of the city, and as nearly as I can judge is about eight English miles in length, by four in breadth. I mention this particularly, because the English geographical authorities vary much regarding its size, one saying it is nine by three

miles; another that it is four by two miles. I should like the latter gentleman to try whether he could walk his four miles within an hour. Having traversed Amager from end to end, I am sure it is the size I have assigned. It is separated from Copenhagen by a narrow strait called *Kallebostrand*, which is crossed by two bridges to that division of the suburbs called *Christianshavn*, built on the island.

The history of Amager is remarkable. It is said that the Queen of Christian II. of Denmark, persuaded that monarch, in 1516, to bring to Amager about a score of families of Hollanders, or rather of East Frieslanders, for the double purpose of teaching the Danes the art of gardening, and of cultivating Amager to an extent sufficient to supply Copenhagen with vegetables, milk, &c. From that date to the present hour, the destination of Amager has remained unchanged. It is yet almost wholly peopled by the descendants of the original colonists, and is laid out in gardens and pasturages. The number of inhabitants is variously computed. Some estimates give seven thousand—others only half that number. Judging by my own personal observations,

I think the latter nearest the truth. They have their own civil and criminal tribunals, but are subject, for heavy offences, to the supreme court of Copenhagen.

Several villages are to be found on Amager, as *Dragö*, *Hollanderbyen*, (Hollander's-town,) &c. The latter, as the name hints, is especially peopled by the descendants of the first settlers, who yet preserve the Friesland costume in full rigour—as, indeed, do the majority of the Amagerites. This dress varies little from that of the oldest Flemish costumes, and is extremely picturesque, particularly in the case of the females. An extraordinary number of windmills relieve the tame surface of the island. I counted a full dozen within a circumference of one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards. Windy enough is Amager, goodness knows! Copenhagen itself is subject to fierce winds, but their force on Amager,—which has no ramparts, nor anything else to protect it, on three sides—is truly astounding. I have been repeatedly brought to a stand-still, in crossing the island, from sheer inability to make headway against the “powers of the air.” Of all unearthly, howling, ferocious, marrow-piercing, invisible, yet

most palpable monsters, commend me to a wintry evening blast on Amager! It is no marvel that the fruit trees are so stunted and dwarfed with moss, but it is truly surprising how they can survive at all such killing winds. As to ordinary hedge-row trees, hardly one, except (few and far between) small forlorn willows and poplars are to be seen. The gardens and fields have rarely any enclosure or hedge worth the name, and vast low and swampy tracts are overgrown with a peculiar kind of moss, and also are knee-deep in water after the first great melting of the snow. The whole isle is as level as a bowling-green, and but slightly above the sea's level. There is a most excellent main-road, straight as an arrow, with bye-roads to the different villages. On the former are indicators for every Danish half-mile. They are of grey stone, resembling short squat obelisks, rising from a pedestal to the height of eight or ten feet. I have seen "crosses" in English villages precisely similar. On their upper portion is carved, in relief, a crown, and the initials "C. VII."—showing that they were erected in the reign of Christian VII.

Sermons in both Dutch and Danish are preached

in the two churches on the island. I went over the churchyard of the largest of these edifices— itself a singular structure, as nearly all Danish churches are—and there saw what I had never met with in the Copenhagen cemeteries, viz.: huge *flat* tombstones, many of them having wide borders elaborately carved in the most curious fashion. None of them were a hundred years old. There are also numerous wooden memorials, in every variety of shape; and new graves are surmounted with wreaths of moss and evergreens, as is customary throughout the North.

Towards the extremity of the isle there ceases to be any road, but I scrambled onwards, over dykes, and through snow and water, until I reached the shore, whence, far as eye could discern, the Baltic was one lifeless sheet of ice. Nearly at this end of the island, are two quaint fortalices, isolated by moats. From the other end of Amager, the batteries adjoining *Christianshavn* terribly mauled some of Nelson's ships at the bombardment in 1801.

I was much interested by the build of the fishing-boats at one of the villages. They are strikingly like the famous boats of Newhaven

(near Leith), but are built of oak. There are some very comical sea-beacons at this place, and large flocks of enormous geese.

Many of the houses throughout Amager are thatched. They have a clean, pleasant aspect, being full of windows, and invariably whitewashed. The wells of fresh water are immense square holes, lined with bricks, and fenced with planking breast-high above the brink. Near them is a lofty upright post, crossed at top by a long beam, one end of which is weighted by a large stone, and the other has a chain or rope attached to it for the bucket. It appears a cumbrous mechanism to raise water from very shallow wells. The hostleries on the isle are numerous. One by the roadside struck me by its graphic sign of a gigantic arm starting from the wall over the doorway, and bearing in its hand a cup of proportionate size—a sign to be seen, marked, and understood, by all thirsty wayfarers.



## CHAPTER XVII.

THORWALDSEN'S MUSEUM.

BROTHER ENGLISHMEN ! I call upon you to hear words which ought to stir your blood like a trumpet's clang ; I call upon you to listen to the brave heart's utterance of that child of genius Hans Christian Andersen. Harken !

“The British bombs have demolished the towers of Copenhagen ; the British have robbed us Danes of our fleet ; but, in our just indignation and bitterness thereat, we will remember that it was an Englishman who rescued for us and for our land's greatness—thee, Albert Thorwaldsen. An Englishman it was, who, by the will of Providence, raised for us more than towers and spires ; who cast more honour and glory around the nation's name, than all the ships of the land, with flag and cannon, could thunder forth—it was the Englishman, Thomas Hope.

“ In the little studio which the artist was about to leave, stood Hope, before the uncovered ‘*Jason*.’ It was a life's moment in

Thorwaldsen's, and, consequently, in the history of art. The rich stranger had been conducted there by a hired guide; for Canova had said that '*Jason*' was a work in a new and gigantic style.

"Thorwaldsen demanded only six hundred zechins for the completion of his work in marble. Hope immediately offered him eight hundred. His career of fame now began. This was in 1803."

The pride of Denmark is Bertel (Albert) Thorwaldsen—the crowning glory of Denmark is Thorwaldsen's Museum. If a traveller have only three hours to spend in Copenhagen, he must dedicate one of them to this museum; for truly I say to him that should he behold naught else in Copenhagen, he has nevertheless seen enough to give him a subject to think about and talk about for the rest of his life.

Hard-fisted boat-builder!—you with that rough dress and honest brow!—there was once a very poor Iclander of your craft, but he could indubitably trace his lineage directly up to Harald Hildetand, King of Denmark; and, for aught I know, you may also be descended from sceptre-wielders of old, only you have no Icelandic *sagas* to appeal to in confirmation of the same. Well, this Gottskalk Thorwaldsen came to dwell at Copenhagen, and there he earned a livelihood, not by boat-building, but by carving figure-heads for ships.

He married a respectable Danish girl, daughter of a Jutland clergyman, and to them was born Bertel Thorwaldsen, November 19th, 1770. For many years they laboured on, the father with gouge and chisel, the mother with her spinning-wheel; the little blue-eyed Bertel helping the former to make the chips fly, and, if legends speak rightly, even at thirteen years of age giving an extra finish to the works of his father's hands. Being intended to follow the same calling, Bertel was sent to the Academy of Arts to learn drawing. He remained there, a modest reserved student, for six or eight years, and after receiving minor medals, he eventually won the great gold medal of the Academy, thus gaining at the same time, a *stipendium* for travelling during three years, to improve himself in his art.

Oh! my, own wealth-gorged England, thou art much too wise to give thy young sculptors, authors, and painters, *stipendiums* to travel! Thou knowest better than to send forth young Thorwaldsens and Andersens, although a handful that could hardly be missed from thy overflowing coffers would suffice! Denmark, being only a poor, simple, unenlightened, slow-going little nation, is

yet silly enough to enable, at the State's expense, young wielders of the chisel, pen, and brush, to wander in classical lands; and crowns its folly by pensioning all who extends the renown of their country's name. What is still more surprising, there breathes not a Dane who begrudges his mite towards the fund thus applied.

And so Bertel Thorwaldsen bade adieu to Denmark—bade an eternal adieu on earth to his weeping parents—bade adieu to his first love, she who half a century later, sate, a withered old woman, at a window past which his corpse was carried, followed by a nation as mourners! He arrived at Rome—he studied, he toiled, he grew heart-sick, he grew home-sick; his three years had long since expired, and he had yet earned no fame. His boxes were packed, and he was almost in the very act of starting on his return, when Hope, the rich Englishman—Hope, the author of "*Anastatius*"—Hope, the noble-hearted patron of young artists—Hope, (auspicious name!) entered the little *atelier*, and saw the poor struggling young sculptor's unfinished statue of "*Jason, with the Fleece.*" He bought it.—Thorwaldsen unpacked his boxes, and remained in Italy for three-and-twenty years.

In that space of time his fame extended over the world, for he produced masterpeice after masterpeice, and princes and kings became his intimate personal friends.

On October 3rd, 1819, he set foot in Copenhagen once more, having returned through Italy and Germany—his journey being a triumphal procession all the way. Denmark composed one open-armed family to welcome him. Ay, but his father and his mother—his poor old father who first guided the hand of the world's greatest sculptor, and his doting old mother who refused to be comforted when her darling boy left her native country, and who, on that occasion, pushed away the box of money, saying, "*All I want in this world is my child!*" and who took his old waistcoat from the closet, and kissed it, and wept over it.—Where are father and mother on this great day? In heaven!

Thorwaldsen staid only a year in Denmark, and then returned to Rome, through Prussia, Poland, and Austria. The Emperor of Russia welcomed him at Warsaw, and the Emperor of Austria at Vienna, and another triumphal journey was his way back to the city of his adoption. There he

lived and laboured till 1838, and possessing casts of all his works, besides very many of the originals, and an accumulation of curiosities and of paintings, which he had bought of young artists, to encourage them, he resolved to present all to his native country, and for some time previously had sent instalments of them to Denmark, as opportunity served. The grand residue, accompanied by Thorwaldsen himself, were brought to Copenhagen by a frigate sent expressly for that purpose. The welcome he received on landing, was a thousand-fold more enthusiastic than if he had been a conqueror fresh from the field of victory. It was determined to erect a museum to receive the treasures of this one man's genius, and the King gave a piece of land (close to the Christiansborg Palace), then occupied by the Royal stables, whereon to erect it. Thorwaldsen himself gave twenty-five thousand dollars towards the building; and the Danish nation voluntarily subscribed seventy-five thousand more—the poorest proudly contributed their mite. The stables were pulled down and the museum was commenced—the court-yard, in its centre, being set apart for Thorwaldsen's tomb, at his own request.

He revisited Italy in 1841, returning to Denmark the following year; and his last journey to his beloved Rome, was literally another triumphal procession, both there and back again, for every city through which he passed arrayed itself in holiday attire to do him heartfelt homage.

On March 24th, 1844, he went to Copenhagen Theatre in the evening—a thing he was marvelously addicted to doing; indeed, he used to go almost every night, in company with Oehlenschläger, the poet. This time he went alone, in unusual good spirits, and had hardly sat down before his soul was summoned in an instant to its account. His funeral was attended by the King and Royal Family, and was even more national than Oehlenschläger's during the present year. It was remarkable that Thorwaldsen's tomb was finished the day before he died, and he then requested that it might have a marble coping round its edges above the pavement, and that rose-trees should be planted over him—requests of course literally complied with.

Physically, Thorwaldsen in his latter days was the very beau-ideal of a noble-looking old man. His bearing was impressive; his features were

massive, regular, and extremely attractive; his eyes blue and large; and his hair floated in long white locks. He had not much gift for conversation, yet his manners were peculiarly fascinating and open-souled. He never married, but had one natural daughter born at Rome. Her features—if I may judge by the portrait at the Museum—bear considerable resemblance to those of her illustrious father, who failed not to acknowledge and tenderly regard her. She married a Danish gentleman, and, with her husband, visited her father at Copenhagen. She now lives at Rome, a widow, with only one child—a son.

Having thus rapidly sketched the life of Bertel Thorwaldsen,\* we will now turn to his museum.

The site has been strongly objected to, but I am by no means disposed to join in that objection. A friend suggested that a very superior situation would have been that now occupied by the

\* If the reader requires a more minute sketch of the *life* of Thorwaldsen, let him refer to the deeply-interesting memoir written by his bosom-friend, Hans Christian Andersen, an extract from which is quoted at the opening of this paper. (See *Bentley's Miscellany* for November and December, 1847.) It is with the Museum, rather than with the *Life of the Sculptor*, that we have now to deal, but this brief introductory memoir may be acceptable,



only ruins in Copenhagen—those of a partially built marble church, commenced on a magnificent plan, in imitation of that of *S. Maria Rotondo*, at Rome, but which, from lack of funds, was left in its present melancholy state three quarters of a century ago, without the slightest prospect of ever being completed. Its forlorn pillars irresistibly reminded me of those of the proposed National Monument on Calton Hill, Edinburgh. The modern ruin in question is in *Norgesgade* (“Norway-street”), one of the finest parts of the New City, yet still, in my opinion, the actual existing site of the Museum is preferable. The style in which the latter is built, is that of Pompeii. It is quadrangular in shape, huge in size, and runs parallel with a canal. It is built, no doubt very substantially, of brick, but cemented over, and all the upper portion is stuccoed. Over the façade of the west end, is a fine bronze “Victory” in a car, with four horses. The finest features of the exterior are the Etruscan frescoes, which run the length of the lower portion on both sides. One of them represents the landing of Thorwaldsen at Copenhagen; the figures of the spectators the size of life, and many of them striking likenesses of well-known men. Prominent

among them is Hans Christian Andersen, depicted in the act of shouting an enthusiastic welcome, as he stands on the thwart of a boat, and holds on by the mast. This fresco, which is on the side next to the canal, is a noble and heart-touching picture. The other represents the landing of Thorwaldsen's works. Whoever first conceived the idea of these frescoes, deserves well of his country for that act alone. On first walking by the building, I had not the remotest idea that it was Thorwaldsen's Museum, until my eye fell on the frescoes of his landing, which instantly attested the fact. I felt a thrill of deep emotion on passing from one compartment to another, until the history terminated with the grand scene of the venerable sculptor, with his old blue cloak, and his waving snowy hair, stepping out of the boat into the arms of his loving countrymen.

In all the world there exists not a more truly national fresco than this. Far more artistically executed works there may be—but none so eloquent, none so soul-stirring, none so true. The man whose heart does not warm towards the Danes at sight of this fresco—this glorious pictured history—this marvellous poem on a wall—this unfolded

scroll, which he who runs may read, and understand, with glowing breast must be strangely cold. Denmark! were all thy other annals erased from the world's book of remembrance, this, alone, were enough to bear witness to thy claim to rank among that world's creditors! The English *Wandernde Vogel* blesses thee, old Denmark, for the feast thou hast given to his eye and his soul, through the works of one only of thy sons!

The interior of the Museum is divided into numerous suites of rooms and corridors—those on the lower floor being filled with the larger statues, &c.; those on the upper floor with smaller ones, and also with the paintings, antiquities, and library of Thorwaldsen. Each room is of small dimensions, generally containing only one statue or group, and four to six bas-reliefs on the walls, which are of course of a plain, sombre colour. They have an arched ceiling over-head, painted by native artists, with classical and fanciful subjects and devices, in the most exquisite style. No two ceilings are ornamented alike in this respect, and it is a delightful study to examine each of them in detail. Their beauty and fine taste are admirable, and the Museum would

really well repay a visit for their sake alone. The floors are generally of a composition in imitation of marble, but the corridors, &c. are paved with tiny coloured bricks, prettily arranged. Each room communicates with that adjoining by an open door-way, and nearly every other room has a *spittoon in a corner!*

I can bear cordial testimony to the admirable behaviour of the crowds of people of all ranks who flock to this Museum—which is open to the public free on Wednesdays and Sundays, from twelve to two o'clock. That the majority of those who frequent it are quite capable of appreciating the objects they gaze upon, I truly believe. Deeply gratifying was it to find that not the slightest obstacle prevented each and all from examining the treasures of art in the closest manner. Here are no ropes before the paintings, as in English museums; and nothing prevents one from minutely inspecting every object the building contains. The people here don't poke sticks through paintings, nor carry hammers in their pockets to chip off bits of marble; and stones to smash priceless vases—as was the case with the miscreant who shattered the Portland Vase at the British Museum, a few years

ago. What a melancholy and humiliating reflection it is, that Englishmen are notorious all over the world for this propensity! And not only was this exercised towards works of art, but if a nightingale is heard to sing, or a rare bird is seen in any particular locality in England, numbers of fellows tramp out day after day, gun in hand, and never rest until the gentle visitor is ruthlessly destroyed. In foreign countries Englishmen are sometimes jealously looked after in museums, &c., lest they should exercise the degrading propensities so generally attributed abroad to the whole British nation. Thus it is that all Englishmen suffer for the fault of a miserable minority of their countrymen! But a better spirit is gaining ground in England, and as education progresses, and the bulk of the people become more accustomed to the free study of collections of art, they will show that this stigma is undeserved. I may just add, that at Thorwaldsen's Museum, a few officers—distinguished by a small red band round their caps—occasionally pass from room to room while the public is in, but I question whether they ever detect either high or low in any reprehensible act.

It is not intended to enter in this place into any detailed account of the sculptures of Thorwaldsen here collected, (although I have by me most ample materials for so doing,) nor to criticise them. Of all the originals, however, none struck me so much by its surpassing loveliness and exquisite proportions, as a "Venus," standing with an apple (or some similarly shaped fruit) in her hand. Many of the numerous bas-reliefs ("Night," and "Morning," especially), are wondrous for their spirited poetical conception, and astonishing beauty of execution. The subject whereon Thorwaldsen evidently loved to exercise his genius most frequently, is—Cupid! One sees here innumerable bewitching figures of that laughing rotund imp, who has done more mischief, both before and since the Flood, than all the arithmeticians in the world are capable of estimating. Thorwaldsen doated on the little creature, and has introduced him, with his delectable grapes and roses, wherever he possibly could, with any degree of decorum. It is really marvellous to observe that there is no sameness of expression in any of these diversified workings of one idea; and not only do we see scores of single, riant, roguish Cupids, but occa-

sionally a nest full, and a cage full! Although of course presenting a general characteristic, the form and expression of Thorwaldsen's Cupids are most remarkably varied, and it is impossible to realize an adequate notion of the sculptor's fertility of invention in this one respect, except by actual inspection. Never elsewhere, perhaps, have been seen such provokingly real Cupids as these! They seem instinct with life, and one almost listens for their wicked chuckle as the shafts whistle from their bows. It often amused me to observe how all young ladies fixed their bright eyes on these magical creations of a luxuriant yet chaste imagination! I wished the Danish lasses to tell me candidly what they thought of them!

An Englishman will doubtless gaze with interest on the cast of the gigantic "*Jason, with the fleece*," which formed the starting point of Thorwaldsen's glorious career. The cast of the statue of Lord Byron, for which that mighty poet sat to Thorwaldsen, also deserves attention. The original (although valued at an enormous sum), as the reader knows, was shamefully permitted to lie in the London Custom House vault for thirty years—until, in fact, the deal case containing it rotted

away; but it is now worthily installed at Cambridge University. The poet is represented sitting on a block of stone, (at the ends of which are a scull, and other emblems,) with a broken pillar for a footstool. He is contemplating the ruins of empires, and "Childe Harold" is in his hand. His face is upturned, and his lips are parted, as in the act of uttering a poetic aspiration. I was much disappointed with this famed work. The shape and expression of Byron's head and face by no means realizes my preconceived notion. A mere cast, to be sure, gives an inadequate idea of the original, yet still the leading features of both must be identical. The attitude of Byron, and the disposition of the drapery, is fine, but the head appears to me little better than a failure. Indeed, Thorwaldsen's power as a sculptor of busts from life is comparatively of a very inferior degree. His bust of Sir Walter Scott, also, judging from the cast, is far from excellent.

The largest room is devoted entirely to casts of the sublime colossal statue of our Saviour, and those of his twelve Apostles, and the Angel-font. Having given my impressions of the originals, (in the *Fruekirke*, "Our Lady's Church,") in my



account of the burial of Oehlenschläger, the poet, it is not necessary here expatiate on these majestic productions. The casts are brought closely together, and have a grand effect. As to the Angel-font, although the cast is good, it would give any one who had not previously bent over the original, a very inadequate notion of the transcendent beauty of that matchless creation. The image of the *Fruekirke*,\* Angel-font haunts me like a celestial vision! It floats in all its heavenly loveliness before my eyes at this moment, vividly almost as though I were gazing upon it in reality.

The scope of Thorwaldsen's genius was not merely national—it was universal. A gifted countrywoman of his once observed to me, in a conversation about him at Copenhagen, that his labours were not dedicated to Scandinavia alone, but to the entire world. His subjects are so diversified as to have a charm for every taste; and many of them are illustrations of things in

\* I especially speak of the *Fruekirke* Angel-font, because in the Museum there is a cast of another Font, also in the shape of a shell, held by an Angel standing upright. This is incomparably inferior to the Angel of the *Fruekirke*, who bends one knee on the ground.

which all nations have a common interest, a common source of admiration. The number as well as the variety of his collective works, as evidenced by this Museum, is incredible. His industry equalled his genius, and happily for the world, to whom the legacies of that combined genius and industry are bequeathed, his life was extended to a long span. Merely to gaze for a few moments at each work of this grand sculptor, requires many successive visits to his Museum—but to study his *chefs-d'œuvre* as they deserve, is an occupation of years. So popular are they in Denmark, that not only has almost every house casts of them, but even the bakers impress very good imitations on bread and confectionery!

The gallery of paintings which Thorwaldsen had collected, is most interesting. As already mentioned, the greater portion are works of young artists of different countries, who were sojourning at Rome, and Thorwaldsen bought them by way of kindly encouragement. But many of these paintings are vastly superior to what would be expected from the knowledge of that fact. Not a few are, to my humble taste, extremely good; and in some instances the drawings of high

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genius are distinctly traceable. Who knows how many noble painters may hereafter ascribe their rise to the fostering hand of Bertel Thorwaldsen? The subjects are generally scenes in Italy, and altogether give a vivid idea of that land of sunshine and poesy. The most important paintings, however, are the portraits of Thorwaldsen himself. In one or two *tableaux*, depicting convivial meetings of artists in Rome, the figure of the illustrious sculptor is prominent, but there are also two large separate portraits. One of these, which is admitted to be exceedingly life-like, is by the celebrated French painter, Horace Vernet. It represents Thorwaldsen giving his finishing touch to the bust of the painter himself. In one corner of it I noticed the words, "*Horace Vernet, à son illustre ami, Thorwaldsen. Rome, 1835.*" The word *Torwaldsen* is here given as it is spelt by Vernet. Thorwaldsen, himself, I am told, invariably wrote his Christian name *Albert*—and not *Bertel*. Why did he do this? There are also good busts of Thorwaldsen in the Museum, executed by himself.

One suite of upper rooms is dedicated to the extensive mass of antiquities, coins, &c., collected by Thorwaldsen in Italy. There are also all his

books—a goodly stock, in various languages. The last of this suite is the room of rooms—Thorwaldsen's own! It is an exact reproduction in every feature, of *his own* private room. Every object whatever, which was in his room at the time of his death, is here placed in the same position it then occupied. There are about a dozen very common hollow-backed chairs, as plain as can possibly be; a sofa; a large round table apparently of rosewood; a library table, with a handsome gilt time-piece on it, under a glass case; a large ordinary *kakkeloon* (stove), in a corner, with a fire-screen before it; a sculptor's stand, supporting an unfinished bust; a chest of drawers; and one or two other domestic articles. On the walls are a number of portraits, and some very trifling little paintings. The former include two of Thorwaldsen himself; another is a family group of his daughter, her husband, and child. There are also highly finished portraits of two or three royal personages who were patrons and personal friends of the sculptor.

It was a fine and touching idea of the Danes to set apart this little room, for it brings us as it were into direct personal contact with Thor-

waldsen. On these old chairs he was wont to sit—at that table he ate his daily meals, and wrote his letters—at that stand he used to labour—that time-piece he used to consult—that *kakkeloon* he fed many a time with his own hands—on those pictures he often gazed, for to him every one was pregnant with memories. Is it not a lofty privilege to have such a vivid glimpse as this, at the real household familiar things of such a man? What would the world give could it behold, under a similar arrangement, the veritable fittings which were in William Shakspeare's or John Milton's, own room?

Pause with me, reader, as I, with lowly head and glistening eye, bend over the humbly-marked grave of Bertel Thorwaldsen, in the inner quadrangle of his museum. On one side of the tomb's grey marble coping, is deeply cut the simple but eloquent words—"BERTEL THORVALDSEN;" and on the other—"F. den 19 November, 1770. D. den 24 Marts, 1844." That is—"Born, 19th November, 1770. Deceased, 24th March, 1844,"—the initial letters "F." and "D." severally standing for the Danish

words "*Fod*," (born), and "*Dod*," (dead). Springing from the coping is a slightly elevated glazed frame, enclosing small rose-trees planted over the sculptor, as he had desired. The time of my residence in Copenhagen being winter, these trees were carefully bedded in moss, to preserve them from the keen and long frosts; but in summer the glazed frame is opened, and the roses bloom in the open air, fresh and beauteous as are the works of him whose mortal remains rest below.

There he lieth, in the very centre of his works, silently awaiting the trump which will awaken the tenants of earth and ocean. There moulders that cunning hand which gave wondrous semblance of life unto marble—there reposeth that man whose fame has circled the globe, and whose memory is so revered by his loving countrymen. There he lieth, and we see well that six feet of common mould suffices him! The conqueror who has made kingdoms his footstool; the poet who has walked among his fellow-beings as a demi-god; the sculptor who has given to divine and ethereal essences a tangible form—all finally lie on the same level, and possess

the same space as the boor whose thoughts never pierced beyond the visible horizon of his native vale.

Come away—I have seen enough, and my heart is full. Come away—let me seek my closet, for I have got a text whereon to meditate. “*Man is but little lower than the angels.*” Ay, but how much is comprised in that “little?” Come away—man and the world which he inherits are both naught. Come away!

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## DANISH "SLAVES."

ELSEWHERE I have alluded to "slaves" working on the ramparts; and the section will be devoted to convey briefly the information concerning them which I was at some pains to gather.—"Slaves" is the designation universally given to them, but the word "convicts" would be more consonant with our English notions. Danish criminals are not transported out of the country; but Denmark and its dependencies are divided into "districts," and convicts are sent to the chief towns in those districts, no matter how distant. Thus "slaves" from Iceland, and even from the West Indies, are frequently sent to expiate their offences at Copenhagen. A young "slave" from the Danish West Indian Island of



Santa Cruz, died during my residence at the capital; and a native of the same island, when mentioning the circumstance to me, said that many of his fellow countrymen were sent to Copenhagen on conviction of heavy offences. The depôt for the worst class of "slaves," answering to our "penal settlements," is a small chalky island in the Baltic, which I passed on my voyage from Kiel to Svendborg. The punishment inflicted on Danish criminals, varies not only with their particular misdeeds, but with what the Scotch laws term their "habit and repute." As accurately as I can learn, they may thus be classed:—

1. Those sent to the *Bornehus*, or Penitentiary; never have been convicted before, (on that account their reformation being presumed hopeful); but they must, I believe, have a claim to be ranked as the best class of criminals, either for their previous good character or the respectable station of life in which they have moved. A permission was offered me to inspect Copenhagen *Bornehus*, but I declined. I have, however, acquired some details of its system from a reliable source. This penitentiary is situated in the quarter called Christianshavn, and contains about

seven hundred men and three hundred women. The period of their detention varies from eighteen months to seven years. Two days in the week they have beef or pork, and their staple food on the other five days is peas or grits; and there is always an ample allowance of bread. Their lodging is very good, and the majority of the men sleep in hammocks, two and two :—very recently, however, the separate system has been adopted to a small extent. For infringements of prison rules, &c., as an extra punishment they are actually *compelled to eat boiled horse-flesh, and to partake of the broth from it!* There is no treadmill or any similar species of hard labour punishment; but they are all, according to their several abilities, set to weave, spin, card wool, &c.

As a powerful incentive to individual industry, whatever profit results from the labour of each prisoner beyond the cost of his maintenance, is applied to his or her personal benefit; a small allotted portion of it being given to the well-behaved to purchase little luxuries, as tea, coffee, &c. (but no spirits whatever,) on Sundays and holidays, at a sort of shop within the penitentiary; and the rest of the overplus accumulates until such time as the prisoner becomes free, when it is

given to him and serves to smooth his return to society.

I rejoice at this wisely benevolent plan. Not only are habits of industry and skill engendered during the prisoner's incarceration, but at his liberation the little savings pave the way to enable him to permanently resume or attain an useful, honest livelihood. In England, when a criminal is liberated, it rarely happens that he has friends able or willing to assist him, and not a farthing of money has he to aid him. He is penniless, he is just cast forth from prison, his character is gone, his prospects are blighted, his self-respect annihilated, a blight has withered his soul; he is spurned as though contact with him were contamination, nobody will employ him, nobody will trust him, nobody will take him by the hand and yearningly say:—"O, my brother, thou hast suffered for and repented thy error, and never more shall it be a reproach unto thee!" And yet grave philosophers profess to marvel at a man returning to evil courses almost immediately after he is cast loose from prison!

Burning shame on the hideously-false morality

of the age, which groans over the very mention of crime, but will not lift a little finger to save a criminal from perdition! although, should he again infringe in the slightest degree any cruel law, he is mercilessly hunted down at all cost. All this savours of aught rather than of a spirit assimilated to that of the Founder of the faith the nation professes to worship.

2. An intermediate class of Danish prisoners are sent to what is called the *Tugthaus*, or House of Correction.

3. A worst class, for heavy offences, are sent to the *Raspehus*, or Rasping House, for seven years, or even for life. This is a dreadful destiny, their sole occupation being rasping Campeachy wood for dyers; and I am assured that so deleterious is the fine dust, which they cannot avoid inhaling, that comparatively few survive beyond a limited period, if their sentence is rigidly carried out. This rasping seems even more deadly work than sword-grinding or needle-pointing. They are also severely flogged for breaches of discipline.

4. The class called "slaves," *par excellence*. They are the worst and most incorrigible offenders. None are condemned to be "slaves" who have

not been repeatedly convicted, (unless in rare instances for crimes of the highest magnitude), and their term is generally for seven years, or fourteen, or for life. I have very frequently met gangs of these "slaves," generally six or eight in number, marching to and from their prisons; and have often closely regarded them when at work mending ramparts and roads. Their dress consists of warm grey breeches, a waistcoat, and a huge grey jacket with black sleeves. They have thick worsted stockings, and wear on one leg an iron clasp, just below the calf. It is upheld by a light bar, connected with a ring at the knee. To guard and order each gang, only one soldier is employed—very frequently a stripling, or even a one-armed veteran, with merely a short sheathed sword at his side. The convicts are not linked together, and are under no more personal restraint when at work, than ordinary labourers. They converse freely, and perform their tasks in a leisurely manner; and will politely doff their caps and bow to passers-by. They look healthy, and I never noticed one decidedly repulsive countenance among them. You look in vain for the stamp of villainy. The majority have a contented, subdued aspect, and their bearing is

invariably inoffensive and respectful, even when (as sometimes happens) the guard is out of sight. Yet these men are indubitably the worst set of criminals in the country. Those who are capable of working at sedentary trades—as tailors, shoemakers, watch-makers, &c.—are permitted to do so a certain portion of time for their own benefit. When at work in the open air, if they have friends to hand them little luxuries, it is permissible; and they find no difficulty in procuring spirits or wine with their earnings or with money given them. I understand that citizens who require out-of-door work (such as gardening), occasionally done, may obtain the temporary “loan” of a “slave” for such object; but on what terms, I know not.

When a stranger sees the gangs on the ramparts or on the roads beyond the gates, with very slight watch or check on their personal movements, his first thought is to wonder they do not attempt to escape; but a reason is found in the extreme difficulty they would subsequently experience in getting off this island of Zealand; and hence it is rare for an escape to occur. In winter such a thing is nearly impossible; but, in summer, were a small vessel

or boat in waiting on any particular part of the coast, in the vicinity of Copenhagen, by arrangement easily intimated to the "slave," if the latter were a daring, active fellow, he might undoubtedly successfully avail himself of the opportunity.

Altogether, the condition of the "slaves" appears to be decidedly easier than that of any other class of Danish criminals, for they may have any luxuries they can obtain; and they go about the city and environs, and only work very moderately. But the peculiar punishment in their case is considered to be the disgrace of being public "slaves," and to have to wear the condemned dress and fetters, and labour in sight of all who previously knew them. Undoubtedly this alone is a very dreadful penalty to sensitive minds; but whether the bulk of those who incur it have much moral sensibility left is doubtful. It may be added that capital punishment in Denmark is by decapitation; which is also the mode of execution throughout Scandinavia. It is inflicted for murder, unless extenuating circumstances can be proved, and also for arson, if life is lost by the fire.

Taking the treatment of prisoners in Denmark as a whole, I am inclined to believe it humane

and merciful, in comparison with some other European kingdoms. Without any morbid compassion for criminals, I am impressed with a conviction that the penal enactments of most nations defeat their objects by undue severity, especially for first offences. Oh, that legislators would learn that, while justice tempered largely with mercy, and a recognition of the claims of humanity, may soften the savage-hearted, and turn the wrong-doer from the evil of his ways, yet never was and never will one be reclaimed by a discipline better fitted for tigers. Treat a man as a man, and a man he will be; treat him as a creature devoid of all moral feeling, and if he was not a monster before, depend upon it he will now become one. All honour to those noble christians, who seek to ameliorate the lot of dungeoned captives! God's warm blessing speed every Howard this world contains!

The most divine of all attributes is mercy; and were society more forgiving and less selfish in its fears about the conservatism of its rights, those very rights would be more respected than they are. The more closely we unite the spirit of the Gospel in all things—the more we



strive to attain the stature and fulness of our Saviour—the more wisely do we consult our own true interests and happiness, temporal as well as spiritual.



## CHAPTER XIX.

THE NEW CITY—AMALIENBORG—NYBODER—ROSENBERG SLOT  
CHRISTIANSHAVN—CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS.

COPENHAGEN is divided into twelve municipal districts, but it is generally spoken of as containing three grand "quarters,"—viz., 1. The *Old City*, which I should define by the straight continuous line of demarcation formed by *Gothersgade* and *Nyehavn*, and one side of *Kongens Nytorv*, (for they distinctly bound the New City on the north); whilst on the east and south is the arm of the sea which separates it from Christianshavn, and on the west are the ramparts. 2. The *New City*, which contains all of Copenhagen north of the line above named. 3. *Christianshavn*, which is on a portion of the island of Amager.

When speaking in a former section of "the aspect of the streets of Copenhagen," my observa-

tions were confined to the Old City. Those of the New City comprise the aristocratic portion of the town—which is not the “West-end,” however, but the “North-end.” The principal streets of this fashionable quarter run direct southerly from *Tolbodveien* (“Custom-house-street”). The principal streets are *Norgesgade*, (“Norway-street”), also called *Bridgade*, (“Broad-street”); *Amaliegade* (“Amelia-street”); *Storekongensgade* (“Great King-street,”) &c. These are all noble streets of considerable width, contrasting strikingly in that respect with those of the Old City; and the houses in them are almost uniformly lofty, substantial structures, many of them being town residences of the nobility, foreign ambassadors, &c., but, with few exceptions, these mansions of the *élite* make small pretensions to grandeur, although some of them, including the official residences, have stately and interesting exteriors.

Throughout the New City, only a very small number of shops are to be found, and, strange to say, they are chiefly of an extremely humble description, accessible by descending a flight of steps, after the fashion of a majority of shops in every other part of Copenhagen. All the streets are well paved,

and have open gutters and foot pavements of small stones, bordered with granite. There is not the least bustle in the New City, nor any influx of people in its leading thoroughfares ; but in one or two—especially Norgesgade—a larger stream of fashionable people are frequently to be met than in any other locality. The most striking object in Norgesgade is the modern ruin of a superbly planned, but uncompleted marble church, elsewhere described. Among the many buildings of note in the same street, are the Royal Naval and Royal Military Academies. Amaliegade is also full of public edifices—including the celebrated Casino, (which is considered one of the grandest in Europe); a public library, containing forty-thousand volumes, open to the public four days a week ; Frederick's, or the Royal Hospital, and the Public Hospital—the latter containing not only sick, but aged and infirm, to the number altogether of one thousand to fifteen-hundred persons. A very intelligent individual, who was himself a patient in it for many months, told me that the skill of the medical staff is of the first order, and that it is impossible to speak too highly of the admirable arrangements, the kind treatment, and the exceedingly liberal scale on which everything con-

nected with it is conducted. He added that it is a common occurrence for highly respectable persons of good pecuniary means, to be conveyed to this hospital (which receives them at almost a nominal charge), in preference to remaining at home, as the treatment is such that their chance of recovery is considered better.

Amaliegade runs straight through Frederick's Place, or *Amalienborg*, which is decidedly the most magnificent spot in all Copenhagen, and merits a particular notice. It is a considerable octagon Place, *formed entirely of four Royal Palaces*, and as a short street, called *Fredericksgade* runs through the Place at right angles with Amaliegade, they are completely isolated from each other at regular distances. These palaces are quite uniform, built of costly materials in the French style, and though only of moderate dimensions, the richness of their architectural finish, and their relative bearings as they face the Place, impress the spectator with a novel feeling of pleasure and admiration, which by no means wears off, even by daily observation. In the paved centre of the Place is a pedestal of white marble, on which is a large and grand equestrian statue of Frederick V.

In the general description of Copenhagen, I said that it did not contain a single church, palace, square, or place, that many other capitals could not far surpass, and I adhere to that opinion, nevertheless, perhaps all Europe, nay, all the world, cannot show such a peculiar, such a gorgeous *miniature* Place as this of Amalienborg! To stand, and with one sweeping glance survey the whole Place, ever impresses me with a feeling that I behold a scene of princely grandeur exhibited in a form probably unique. The palaces composing this octagon Place were erected nearly a hundred years ago for members of the royal family. Their interior fittings, decorations, paintings, &c., are said to be superb, and one of them is enriched by a grand collection of antiquities, mineralogy, &c., gathered by the late King Christian VIII. Near the guard-house at the southern entrance to the Place, a sort of flat archway of noble appearance crosses Amaliegade between two of the palaces. Should I, in after years sit a douce, sober, old body by the ingle side, and invoke in one gorgeous train, visions of the architectural glories my eyes have feasted upon in early wanderings, Amalienborg will stand pro-

minently forth, for no specimen of man's handiwork in the shape of kings' dwellings has more interested me.

A very curious part of the New City is called *Nyboder*, and consists of numerous streets of little one-storied houses, inhabited by the sailors of the Royal Navy, and the shipwrights of the Royal Dockyard. There is a hospital for the sick and disabled attached, and also a school for the children. North-east of this quarter, lies the immense citadel of *Frederikshavn*, extending along the Sound, and the Quarantine Station is just opposite it.

I must not quit the New City without speaking of *Rosenborg Slot*, (or palace), which, with its gardens, occupies a very large space to the south-west. The celebrated Inigo Jones—a name familiar to every Englishman—built it nearly two centuries and a half ago. It is a most singular structure, and what style of architecture it is in, or whether Inigo invented an original style for the nonce, the said Inigo doubtless knew, but I am very sure I do not. Grand the edifice cannot be called, nor is it mean, nor ugly, nor dull, but rather pretty and lively than otherwise. I hardly know how to describe it, but a

a distance, I thought it must be a fantastic imitation of the Oriental summer palaces. It is not very large, but has a square tower of considerable height. It was built for Christian IV., but now only serves for a depository of the crown jewels, and an amazing mass of other valuable things which have been accumulated by successive monarchs; and also countless curiosities, some almost unrivalled, and collections of Greek, Roman, and Scandinavian coins and medals. This interesting museum, for such it literally is, can be visited by the public at the moderate charge of three rix-dollars for a party of twelve (about sixpence each). The adjoining garden, or rather park, of Rosenborg is planted with trees and shrubs, divided by avenues, and is adorned by many fine bronze statues and groups, one of which representing a lion in the act of draining the life-blood of a vanquished horse, struck me as a noble work of art. It is said to be after an ancient original. This garden is open to the public throughout the year, and must be a pleasant resort in summer.

Many of the most remarkable buildings in the Old City have been incidentally described in preceding sections, but there remain others deserving



of brief mention. St. Nicholas' Tower is a large modern brick edifice on the site of St. Nicholas' Church, which the fire of 1795 destroyed. It is a very striking object, one of the most prominent in Copenhagen, and is used as a watch or signal tower.\* At its foot is a handsome meat-market-house, built a few years ago. Many butchers stand with meat in the open air in *Nytorv* ("The New Market"), a space devoted principally to the sale of grain and vegetables. Adjoining it is *Gammel-torv* ("the Old Market"), which is embellished by a large fountain. Not far off is the market for Amager, and a hay-market. The fish-market also adjoins, being at the foot of the bridge which crosses the canal to *Slotsholmen*, already described. All these markets are in the open air. In an adjoining street a large plain house was pointed out to me as being a national pawnbroking establishment or *Mont-de-Piété*. It is said to answer well. There are no private pawnbrokers.

*Christianshavn* demands no particular description. It is pre-eminently the port, or shipping-quarter of Copenhagen, and its confused streets present no peculiarities deserving of mention. It

\* Hans Christian Andersen produced a vaudeville, entitled "Love on St. Nicholas Tower."

boasts, however, the truly extraordinary church of Our Saviour, which has a most beautiful and richly ornamented tapering spire, nearly a hundred yards high, and round the *exterior* of this spire a staircase winds to the very summit, which is surmounted by a ball or globe, sustaining a statue of the Saviour. The first sight of this wonderful spire is very impressive. It rises in the midst of dull, dark, narrow, out-o'-the-way streets.

By-the-bye, it is somewhat remarkable that none of the churches possess a peal of bells—at any rate, my ear was never gladdened by a jocund burst of bell-melody. The Danes differ marvellously in this respect from their neighbours on the other side of the Baltic. the only sound of bells in Copenhagen is a dismal ding-dong call to service on Sundays. I have often thought that a merry peal, now and then, would marvellously enliven the heavy air of the city.

One locality, however, yet remains unnoticed. I allude to that part which borders on the sound. The inner harbour is formed by the Island of Amager, and a mass of citadels, batteries, dock-yards, &c. The *Talbod*, or Custom House, is close to the quay, at the end of the harbour, and

opposite it are moored ships-of-war of various rates within a space called *Orlogs havn*, or men-o'-war's haven. Near the Custom House commences an exceedingly fine esplanade, carried along the banks of the Sound as far as the Quarantine Station. Frowning batteries of enormous cannon are planted at short distances the whole length of this promenade, which commands a noble sea view. Among the objects which attract the eye, is the famous "Three Crowns Battery," built on piles far out in the sound. Large ships have good anchorage in the outer harbour within a stone's cast of the shore. The water is usually transparent, the tide is almost imperceptible, varying in height from six inches to a foot, but there is no regular ebb and flow.

Reviewing the whole aspect of Copenhagen, I see no reason to alter my original opinion of it, expressed in the introductory section. It is not externally a living city,—it never was; and probably it never will be. This is not the fault of the architecture, so much as the real lack of animation in the people, and the absence of all stirring commercial pursuits. I was especially surprised at the very modern appearance of every

quarter. Even the 'Old City,' is suggestive of a misnomer; and in truth it mainly assumes this appellation because it stands on the site of the ancient town. There are exceedingly few venerable houses to be met with, and this admits of easy yet sad explanation. In 1728, a frightful conflagration destroyed an immense number of streets, and all the churches and noble edifices they boasted. Again in 1794, and also in the following year, a similar scene of melancholy devastation occurred.\* But the cruel bombardment by the British, in 1807, gave the finishing blow to the oldest buildings, and bitterly do the Danes remember this—as well they may. "See, sir," said a Danish gentleman to me, one day, as he pointed to *Fruekirke*; "We have built that church on the site of our cathedral, that your bombs demolished!" A little further on, he pointed to the University, with a similar observation. It is no wonder, therefore,

\* As a precaution against the occurrence of fires, every household is now compelled, under heavy penalties, to keep a cask of water, and a certain number of leathern buckets in constant readiness for use. A trifling fire occurred during my residence, and I had thus an opportunity of seeing the little antique engines (which are nevertheless said to be very effective), and the firemen, who wear a ludicrous garb, and a *cocked hat with feathers*! They reminded me, somehow, of my "Lord Jack," the London chimney sweeper, on May Day.

that in all Copenhagen I could not find half-a-dozen really ancient structures. But the city, as a capital, is not very old, the seat of Government having only been removed to it, from Roeskilde, about a century ago.

Simply as a modern city, Copenhagen must now be regarded, and that it has been rebuilt at different periods is too evident by the most superficial survey. A cleaner, neater town, I never beheld; and in these respects none in Great Britain, of equal size, can compete with it. It cannot claim the epithet "splendid," but it has that which is infinitely better than mere glare and show—it is thoroughly substantial from the highest to the lowest quarter, and there is no gimcrack gingerbread work about it. In this it differs materially from some other Northern capitals. With regard to its objects of interest, their name is legion; and upwards of a quarter of a year's residence has by no means been too long to enable me to acquire a tolerably complete knowledge of them, and of the whole city. There are many minor churches, hospitals, museums, exhibitions, &c., which have not been at all alluded to, for fear of wearying the reader.

I shall here close my description of Copenhagen. I mentioned at starting, that I should not pretend to take the height, length, and breadth of every palace, and drawl and drone over every raree-show, but endeavour to convey a faithful idea of what this famous capital looks like and is. I have done my best to redeem the pledge, and not a section have I written without extreme care, and much positive toil. Nearly everything spoken of has been on the authority of my observations, and enquiries instituted in the best quarters for obtaining reliable information. To paint these "Pictures" (faulty as they are), has been a labour of love.

## CHAPTER XX.

WINTER CLIMATE—COST OF LIVING—GENERAL COMFORT OF  
THE PEOPLE—THE REIGNING DYNASTY—COMMERCIAL  
INACTIVITY.

I HAVE hitherto abstained from particularly speaking of the winter climate, because I felt desirous of giving a general account of it up to the time of my departure. My sojourn at Copenhagen was from December 5th to March 23rd. Prior to my arrival there had been an intense early frost of a fortnight's duration, but a thaw had set in at the commencement of December. I was informed that the Jutlanders (capital weather sages) had prognosticated a winter of unusual severity, and the result fully bore out their predictions.

In the earlier part of December the ice melted from the canals, and the weather throughout the

month was by no means what might be considered severe. There was very little snow, and I learn that, although a fall to the depth of two or three feet sometimes takes place, yet, as a general rule, comparatively only a very small quantity falls. In January the cold usually sets in very intensely, and so it did on this occasion. Frost continued almost without intermission from the new year till the end of January, and about the middle of the month the Sound was sufficiently frozen over for horse-sledges to run between Copenhagen and the opposite coast of Sweden—which to the nearest point is nine or ten English miles, but to Malmö it is fourteen, and it was to and from the latter place that the sledges ran.

It is a curious fact that the adventurous Swedes are always the first people to cross the Sound—which is perhaps thus passable once every half dozen years on an average. I used to watch the sledges with much interest. The ice was rough, as the waves break it up into minute fragments before the whole surface becomes compact. I had subsequently an opportunity of watching the gradual progress of the freezing of the Sound, and shall duly describe it. The sledges make a loud rattling as the horses trot over the



ice, which, from its roughness, affords a sure footing to quadrupeds, but, as to bipeds, it is about as easy to walk over a mile of newly ploughed clay land as over the same space of ice on the Sound.

A pretty sight was afforded by the glittering surface in Copenhagen outer harbour, where about a score of ships, including some men-o'-war, were lying immovable. Where the ice happened to be tolerably smooth, skaters diversified the surface in the vicinity of the port, but not in such numbers as might be expected. As nearly as could be ascertained, the thickness of the ice all the way across the Sound averaged from a foot to sixteen inches—possibly very much more in places where snow had melted under the influence of the sun, the liquid mass solidly freezing again at night.

Towards the end of January an exceedingly violent snow-storm occurred, but it no sooner ended than a thaw set in, and before the end of the week the ice was broken up all over the Sound; for where it first grew weak the wind tore open a space, and that was like inserting the small end of the wedge, to be driven home with a vengeance in less than four-and-twenty hours. The ice lingered longer in the canals, and at length a number of men finally cleared out *Nyehavn* by working ice-saws,

and so dismembering huge sheets of the stubborn material. Three men worked each saw—the teeth of which were a couple of inches long—by means of a square frame in which it was set.

From this epoch until the end of February the weather was, with few exceptions, as pleasant as I have ever known it in England at the same season of the year. The sun shone clearly with considerable warmth, but there was generally a keen frost at night, which made the streets slippery in the extreme, for the snow disappeared very slowly, and small fresh falls occasionally whitened the ground one hour, to be melted the next, and converted into ice after sunset. The weather for many weeks was changeable in the extreme. Sometimes a fine sunshiny morning would usher in an intensely cold and stormy afternoon, and the next day would be like one in May. The city was also subject in an extraordinary degree to winds, which blew for a week at a time with astonishing violence. This arises from the geographical position of Copenhagen, and its low exposed site. Whenever “downfall” came, it was almost invariably in the shape of snow—not in large fleeces, but very fine glittering particles.

March set in with considerable frost, and

during its first week the cold was truly piercing; but I cannot express much admiration at the hardihood of the Danes generally, for they do not bear cold a whit better than the bulk of my own countrymen: and all classes seem to take as much care of their precious selves, and to wrap up as carefully as a London shopman might be expected to do. Bah! give me only my old cloak, and I'll brave the wintry blast better than them, with their furs and coats innumerable. Often have they marvelled at my utter contempt of the effeminate precautions they love to take, but I hinted to them that it is a great mistake to suppose that cumbrous over-clothing is requisite for comfort and health in cold climates. Possibly there may always be wisdom in a multitude of counsellors, but I deny that there is always warmth in a multitude of over-coats. When a man is tightly enveloped like an Egyptian mummy, the blood cannot circulate properly; and whilst walking briskly in the open air—even with the thermometer at zero—one may always keep sufficiently warm with a slight loose addition to in-doors dress. If you have a night-watch on deck, out at sea, or are whirled over a bleak country in

piercing weather, in an open Danish *bivogne*, an extra coat may be allowable; but I travelled in the latter manner for twenty-four consecutive hours, without that indulgence, and experienced little inconvenience.

To conclude this weather-talk, I have only to add, that when I left Copenhagen, the canals and harbours, which in the interval of mild weather had become crowded with vessels, were once more frozen up.

With regard to the cost of living in Copenhagen, it may be considered cheap; not so cheap as in some parts of the continent, but cheaper than in English cities. The most serious expense in Copenhagen in winter time, is the item of fuel. There is no coal in Denmark, but Newcastle supplies "black diamonds" at a rate much less than they sell at in many parts of England itself. The return cargo of these colliers is usually corn. Many of the Danish *kakeloons*, or stoves, however, will not burn coal well; and consequently beech, fir, ash, &c., is in the greatest demand for fuel. The cost of apartments in Copenhagen is much the same as in the great towns of England or Scotland. Rents of houses are comparatively very high; and I was astonished to learn what

large sums were paid for the purchase of suburban dwellings. Tea, coffee, and sugar, are very little cheaper than in England, but the recent disturbances in the Danish West Indian islands, whence the supply of the two latter is drawn, have caused an advance in their price; and the home-government has been compelled to lay an additional tax of twenty per cent. on them to meet the expenses of the late campaigns.

The war with the Duchies has increased the price of other articles of large consumption; but the main supply of meat, butter, cheese, &c., is drawn from Jutland, which is emphatically the larder of Copenhagen. The best cuts of very excellent beef (which in some parts of Jutland itself sells at 1*d.* to 1½*d.* per pound) are here about 5*d.* per pound,\* within the city, and a penny per pound cheaper beyond the gates, as there is a local duty to that amount charged on the entry of all provisions from the country. Cheese is very cheap, and also very mean. The bread which is chiefly used by all classes, is rye-bread, of various shades, from a light brown to almost a black colour. The invariable shape of the loaves is that of a scantling, about twenty inches long,

\* A Danish pound is 1-10th heavier than the English.

and four or five inches square. I would prefer the coarsest and blackest of this rye-bread to the finest snow-white milk-loaf that ever graced the table of an English duchess. It is only  $\frac{1}{2}d.$  per pound, and the quantity of butter usually consumed with it is extraordinary—the Danes spreading layers of butter nearly as thick as the slice of bread itself. Danish wheaten bread is always made in the shape of rolls, and never in loaves. Scarcely any bread is home-made, for few private houses have either ovens or hearths.

It might be supposed that the amazing consumption of butter argued a corresponding cheapness, but this is not exactly the case, for fresh butter this winter was  $9d.$  to  $10d.$  per pound. It comes in casks, and it is amusing to see the country people in the markets weigh a pound or two to their customers—not in scales, but, thanks to the keen air, simply by inserting the hook of the balance through the slice. I have bought delicious smoked hams at about  $5d.$  per pound. Fresh eggs are  $\frac{1}{2}d.$  to  $\frac{3}{4}d.$  each (winter time). Spirits, wines, and tobacco are exceedingly cheap. A bottle of good rum is about  $9d.$ ; ditto of *brændeviin* (corn-brandy)  $4d.$  to  $5d.$  The latter is drunk raw at every

meal. Claret, sherry, and French wines, are also proportionately cheap. Fine flavoured tobacco is  $\frac{3}{4}d.$  per ounce, and good cigars,  $\frac{1}{4}d.$  each. The Danish beer is a cheap, wholesome, and pleasant drink. Abundance of excellent milk is brought in from Amager, and the country around Copenhagen, in neat and beautifully scoured barrels, conveyed, a dozen or two together, in a light wagon.\* Vegetables are abundant and very cheap. They are excellent in quality, especially potatoes, which are sold by measure. Fish are consumed in large quantities, and are generally fine flavoured—salmon, perhaps, excepted. The small, well-fed herrings are delicious. Huge cod, haddock, and varieties of fish of kinds unknown to me, are sold “all alive O!” on board the fishing-boats in the canals and havens. I have only to add on this subject, that the supply of water is yet, as it always has been, of an

\* I once actually saw a man going about the town with one of these wagons, drawn by two horses, selling from it—mussels. All that the vehicle contained would not have filled an ordinary wheelbarrow, by which medium they are commonly hawked through English towns. These two modes of doing the same amount of business (although I am certainly citing an extreme case), furnish a striking yet not altogether incorrect illustration of the difference in the commercial character of the two nations.

inferior quality, but by no means so bad as some have represented.

I have previously alluded to the very general diffusion of education and of physical comfort throughout Denmark; and it is evident that both these blessings are prevalent to an extent utterly unknown among us. There are no noblemen of enormous possessions, and no merchant princes; but the easy independence of the middle class, and the plenty and contentment universal among the lower orders, are worthy of all admiration. There is no reckless speculation, no intensely selfish battlings for hoards of wealth—but the machinery of the whole state goes on like the works of a clock, very slowly but very surely. If I am right in assuming that a sufficiency of the necessaries and even the luxuries of life, combined with a strictly moderate degree of labour, be a tolerably certain indication of the happiness of the partakers thereof, then the Danes are a happy people. It is ridiculous to maunder about their living under a despotic constitution—it may be despotic in name, but in name only. In no republic in the world is there more true liberty enjoyed by the subject, than the Danes at this hour enjoy. There may be “something



rotten in the state of Denmark" now, as there was in Hamlet's time; but where is the State which at this moment has *not* something rotten in it—some abuse calling loudly for remedy—some old festering sore requiring vigorous scarification—some new song to the old tune of robbing Peter to pay Paul; or laying burthens exclusively on the shoulders of one class to save those of another? Weigh nations in the balance—compute "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" in each of them—and Denmark will be in the foremost rank. It is not a land flowing with milk and honey, nor does corn wave in its fields without long and hard toil on the part of the husbandman; but it is a land of plenty, and a land of contentment.

The number of paupers in Denmark is much less than in other European States, and they are well provided for. If such a thing *could* happen as a human being dying of absolute starvation in Denmark, the occurrence would fill the land with a thrill of horror and indignation; yet in London streets such a thing happens daily, and scarcely excites a moment's notice. During four months (in the depth of winter,) I did not see more than as many beggars—and not one shivering, half-naked

object. Yet just now, the land is suffering more than it has done for many years, in consequence of the heavy drain on its resources by the protracted war.

About three years ago a system of suffrage for the election of representatives in the Danish Parliament came into force, which is something like the old scot-and-lot system in England, but more liberal. By it, all men of legal age, (*which in Denmark is fixed at twenty-five years*), who "keep their own table," as it is phrased, have a vote. It is not essential for a man to be a householder, for if he has only regularly occupied a couple of rooms for a certain period, and has a family or servants, and supplies his own table, he is deemed to have sufficient interest in the State to be entitled to vote. This is reasonable and right. How many well-educated, intelligent men are there in the great cities of Britain, who all their lives (although occupying highly respectable positions in society) are deprived of suffrage simply because they live in lodgings! Denmark is divided into equal electoral districts; and whilst Parliament sits, I understand that each member receives an allowance of three rix-dollars (6s. 9d.) per diem.

His Majesty the present King (Frederick VII), never inteferes in political affairs, and, indeed, he has an aversion to perform even the necessary acts of royalty. A Danish lady told me that when he was a youth, he used to say that he had only three great wishes—1. That he might not be compelled to compose themes. 2. That he might not be compelled to marry. 3. That he might not be compelled to become King. He has, however, thrice married; and has been twice divorced. He is a capital horseman, and speaks French with extreme fluency. In person he is a very handsome man, and looks every inch a King. His age is forty-three, and he is at present childless. The next heir to the throne is his uncle, the Crown Prince Ferdinand, who is fifty-eight, and also childless. There are no other members of the Royal Family in what may be called the direct line; and the prince whom some consider the next heir to the throne is on one side of Russian descent. I have seen him personally, and he is a noble-looking young man. The question of ultimate succession to the Danish Crown, is, however, likely to become a painful and complicated question, of vital importance to the country.

Denmark is strikingly backward in many of the

great commercial improvements of the age; and the Danes may be most unhesitatingly condemned for palpable blindness to their own interest in some of these respects. I do not require them to lay down railroads over Jutland and the islands, for there is not sufficient traffic to render such things profitable or necessary—but glaring deficiencies should be amended, and the resources which nature has given them in some of their colonies developed—as, for instance, in Greenland, where I am most positively assured by competent authorities, that mineral wealth exists to a stupendous extent; and a Danish merchant is about to sail in a ship expressly fitted out to explore the Arctic Eldorado in question. I am personally acquainted with the originator of the enterprise, who has repeatedly explained to me his views and expectations, and shown me specimens of the minerals, which are of a most valuable kind.

During my very first walk through Copenhagen, I was astonished to notice that ships were repaired, not in docks nor on slips, but simply by careening them over, with tackle fixed to their masts, just as a crew will do to caulk their leaky vessel from time to time, in any out-o'-the-way isle in the South Seas! Even at this great port of Copen-

hagen, there is not one slip, and only one graving dock, which belongs to Government; and as there is no tide, the water is pumped out, not by a steam-engine, but by hand-pumps! This is only one instance out of dozens of a similar nature, which might be cited were it necessary.

I do not desire the Danes wildly to plunge into an excess of reckless, breathless innovation; but I would hint that they carry their conservatism of old customs, and their leave-alone predilections much too far, and sooner or later they will find this out to their cost!

## CHAPTER XXI.

A SECOND (AND LAST) ANTICIPATION OF THE WOMB OF TIME.

*(Dramatis Personæ, &c., as before.)*

MAMMA. You have told us so much about what you *do* like in Denmark, that I heartily wish you would tell us about something that you *don't* like!

WANDERND VOGEL. Well, then, my dear madam, I absolutely abhor the Danish *kakkeloon*.

PRETTIEST YOUNG LADY. If the thing is as horrid as its name, I am not surprised at that!

WANDERND VOGEL. A *kakkeloon* is simply a stove. Fire-grates in the English fashion are all but unknown in Denmark, and therefore every room has its *kakkeloon*. They vary, of course, as to size, shape, and ornaments, but generally they are round, and six or eight feet high. They

are uniformly mounted in a corner of the room, where they uprear themselves, black as Erebus, and startle timid lovely creatures by looming at midnight disagreeably like a gentleman I dare not particularly allude to. I myself call them Black Devourers—for they are insatiate. You must feed them ever and anon, and their appetite grows the more ravenous the more it is pampered. For above a quarter of a year did I feed my own black devourer at Copenhagen, and gained a complete insight into his disposition—an awfully ferocious one it was! The more he was feasted, the more savagely would he growl and roar, and if his iron jaws were opened for a moment to glance at the glow within the smoke belched forth from his horrid maw half suffocated me. The mouth of the kakkeloon must be kept rigidly closed—even his viands must be introduced surreptitiously, as it were, or there is no living in the same room with him. His provender is usually split wood and turf; but sometimes coals are given him, although they rarely agree with his digestive organs, unless a few slices of beech, or ash, are intermixed. An Englishman, my dear madam, is known all over Europe by his craving for the fire-side. He will creep up to a fire-grate

in the dog-days, even if it contains roses and lilies in lieu of live coals. Like Hostess Quickly he deems the latter end of a sea-coal fire inseparably connected with his notion of genuine comfort—a word, by-the-by, which nobody but an Englishman thoroughly understands. I am myself very nearly a cosmopolitan, and believe there is hardly any positive trait which outwardly denotes my English origin, except the partiality to a bonny winter fire. I love to sit musing in the ingle corner, drawing inspiration from the cheerful blaze. I have frequently read more poetry in a single heart-of-oak log, glowing in the grate of a certain little ancient room in Newark-on-Trent, than all Homer's *Iliad* contains! What glorious visions, too, have I seen in a pile of Nottinghamshire sparkling, crackling, clear-flamed coal! If only the hundredth part of those visions should be realised, I shall ever reverence live Nottinghamshire coal as the true Mirror of Destiny, worth a thousand Zadkiel's crystals! But as to a Danish kakkeloon—bah! nothing to look at there—nothing genial, nothing cheerful, nothing suggestive, nothing philosophical, nothing poetic, nothing prophetic! Charles Dickens might listen for ages by the side of a kakkeloon without being rewarded



by one solitary chirp from any Cricket on the Hearth! Elihu Burritt would gaze himself blind at its stern iron visage before he could image forth anything resembling Universal Penny Postage! Richard Cobden would see no rational vision of cannons being converted into spinning-jennies, and bullets into sugar-plums for good little boys and girls! Charley Napier, the "rum old commodore," would never dream of reforming the British Navy, nor convincing my Lords of the Admiralty of the evil tenor of their ways! And nobody whatever would see Faces in the Fire!

MAMMA. But have not the Danes open fire-grates for the puposes of cookery?

WANDERND VOGEL. No; they bake or boil their meats in a sort of large iron pan, generally standing on a tripod, (but sometimes set in brick-work) with a little stove-like fire underneath it, and occasionally with a turf-fire on the top of the pan also. Nothing whatever is roasted *before* the fire—although that is the sweetest and best mode of cookery; and as to beefsteaks and mutton-chops, both are unknown in Denmark—where butchers, moreover, cut up their meat on a different principle to their English brethren of the cleaver.

MAMMA, (*addressing her amiable daughters with a glance of triumph*). Ah, did not I tell you, my dears, that I felt morally certain those Northern people are in reality only half-civilized? Now it comes out that they actually do not know how to roast a joint of meat, nor how to cook a chop or a steak!

ELDEST YOUNG LADY. And *der Wandernde Vogel* has himself admitted that they wear wooden shoes, and have no carpets in their houses, and put spittoons in every corner of their drawing rooms! Barbarous creatures!

SECOND YOUNG LADY. And that the ladies roam about in winter with white satin bonnets, and white lace veils! Frightful objects!

PRETTIEST YOUNG LADY. And that they have not a shop in Copenhagen worth walking into! Stupid animals!

WANDERND VOGEL, (*very demurely*). And they even have no more idea about wearing "BUSTLES" than Cleopatra had! Poor simple things!

PRETTIEST YOUNG LADY, (*tossing her ringlets, pursing her mouth, and turning her blue eyes heavenward*). Oh! of course, you can sneer at us, sir, and depict them as angels—but your

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colours are too transparent. We all know well enough, they have bribed you!

WANDERND VOGEL, (*very innocently*). What with? Kisses, and comfits, and sugared words, eh?

PRETTIEST YOUNG LADY, (*very sharply*). Oh, I don't know! but depend on it, sir, all will be brought to light sooner or later!

MAMMA. I have often wondered, sir, what you meant by saying that one of the prizes you won from the Danish Christmas Tree, was a "Danish wife." I do think that means more than meets the eye!

WANDERND VOGEL, (*sighing, and gloomily shaking his head*). I'm only too sure that it does. Heigho!

OMNES, (*with intensely aroused curiosity*). We know that they have extraordinary customs—those barbarous Danes; but, good gracious! it cannot be that you won a real lady?

WANDERND VOGEL, (*groaning dismally*). Sinner as I am, I did though!—petticoats, gown, and all.

OMNES, (*horror-stricken, with expanding eyes widely ejaculate*). And what *did* you do with her?

WANDERND VOGEL, (*in a tone of unfathomable remorse, whispers mysteriously.*

OMNES, (*immensely relieved*). Oh! you dreadful provoking creature, to deceive us so cruelly!

WANDERND VOGEL. Your own imaginations deceived you—I did not.

MAMMA. Well, I only wonder, after all, you did not win a real “Danish wife.” By-the-by, in your account of the Danish Christmas Tree, how you chattered about your little Fairy Queen! You, who dote so on lovely bairnies, as you call them, do you never intend to be domesticated yourself?

WANDERND VOGEL. The wild *Wandernde Vogel* domesticated! O, ye Nordland whirlwinds! do—mes—ti—ca—ted!

PRETTIEST YOUNG LADY. Wild as you are, you will be tamed, sir, yet. Mark my words, we shall live to see *der Wandernde Vogel* tame as a turtle-dove!

## CHAPTER XXII.

DEN TAPPRE LANDSOLDAT—THE NATIONAL WAR-SONG OF  
DENMARK.

No people in the world can be more devotedly attached to their country than the Danes. They are proud to an intense degree of their ancient fame and honour, and to a man will preserve it intact at the expense of fortune and of life. The unwavering devotion with which the entire Danish nation supported Denmark's rights in the quarrel with the refractory Duchies and Germany, is amazing, and great as have been the losses thereby entailed, the Danes will never yield a hair's-breadth in what they deem a righteous cause.

The most famous national war song in the world is the *Marseillaise*, but in my humble estimation it is decidedly inferior to that of Denmark. "*Den*

*tappre Landsoldat*," ("The brave soldier lad.") The latter, moreover, does not partake of that blood-thirsty spirit which pervades the French hymn. "*Den tappre Landsoldat* was written and set to music at the commencement of the war between Denmark and the Duchies, and so eminently national is it, that one burst of enthusiasm from end to end of the kingdom hailed its advent. The author and composer were both rewarded with knighthood of the order of the Dannebrog. There are two orders of knighthood in Denmark: the order of the Elephant, and the order of the Dannebrog. The first is the highest, but neither are hereditary. The Dannebrog is the Danish national cross. It is of a beautiful oblong shape, and according to an ancient legend, it fell from heaven. Hence the motto, "God protects Denmark." The reader will better comprehend some of the allusions in the song after this explanation.

During my residence in Copenhagen, "*Den tappre Landsoldat*," was in the mouth of old and young, at all hours, in all places, on all occasions. The gentleman hummed it over his wine—the lady at her toilet—the mechanic at his bench—the shopman at his counter—the maiden at her spinning wheel—the child at its play. If you walked

the streets you heard it, more or less, every few yards; if you entered a drawing-room, the young ladies were sure to be thrumming it on the piano; if you bought a pocket-handkerchief you would find the words and music printed on it. I have heard it sung in grand chorus by whole battalions of soldiers on the march, and my own little fairy queen of three years of age, has lisped it to me. So powerfully does it appeal to the hearts of all Scandinavians, that in Christiania and Bergen I heard it sung by the Norwegian troops and civilians almost as frequently as by the Danes in Copenhagen; and when I sailed into the harbour of Fromsö (close on the borders of Finmark), a boat came off from the town with a bugle, playing the spirit-stirring air with first-rate skill. Subsequently, in Sweden, I heard it sung almost daily by the natives of that country. I have myself sung with a gusto as great as though I were a Dane, in many a wild scene by sea and land from the Cattegat to the Arctic Ocean, and have made the solitary ravines of the North Cape echo with the chorus "*Og derfor vil jeg slaaes, som tappre Landsoldat !*"

Having said this much, I feel I am only preparing a disappointment for the reader in present-

ing him with my English version. It is needless to repeat that no version of any foreign song can possibly preserve both the spirit and the equivalent words of the original, so as to satisfy those who understand the latter; but in the instance in question, the original is so intensely Danish, that it is difficult even to find words answerable to the many idiomatic phrases. It is versified here in the exact metre of the original, from a careful literal translation made for the purpose by my friend, Mr. Beckwith, who warned me of the impossibility of doing justice to the song in a metrical version, and I indeed feel how miserably tame and stupid it is, in comparison with the breathing, burning Danish. There is no help for this. I enthusiastically appreciate the original, but it is impossible successfully to transfer its spirit to a foreign tongue, and yet preserve its metre and nearly its equivalent words. This latter has here been nearly done, but at the expense of the former. There is not a line of fine poetry in the original, and its marvellously inspiring effect altogether depends on the homely truth and vigour of its heartfelt allusions—the martial swell of the rhythm, and the racy idiomatic language profusely employed. All these elements of interest are



almost or altogether lost in a foreign version. Some lines, also, which in English may convey rather ludicrous ideas, are the very reverse in Danish; and the music of the piece is most beautiful, and highly exciting. A literal translation of the song would convey a still fainter idea of its merits than even the poor version now presented to the reader—being preceded, however, by the first stanza in the original, that those who understand both languages may judge how closely I have endeavoured to adhere to the verbal expressions, as well as the appropriate rhythm in which they are couched.

### Den tappre Landsoldat.

1.

Dengang jeg drog afsted,  
 Dengang jeg drog afsted,  
 Min Pige vilde med,  
 Ja, min Pige vilde med.  
 Det kan du ei, min Ven!  
 Jeg gaaer i Krigen hen,  
 Men hvis jeg ikke falder, sad kommer jeg igjen.  
 Ja var der ingen Fare, saa blev jeg her hos dig,  
 Men alle Danmarks Piger de stole nu paa mig.  
 Og derfor vil jeg slaas, som tappre Landsoldat.  
 Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!

### THE BRAVE SOLDIER LAD.

1.

When away I marched,  
 When away I marched,

My girl with me would go,  
 Yes, my girl with me would go;  
 That cannot you, my friend,  
 To the wars away, I wend,  
 But home again I'll come if I 'scape a soldier's end.  
 If danger did not press, I here would stay with thee,  
 But all the girls of Denmark, they now depend on me.  
 And therefore I will fight, like a brave Soldier-lad.  
 Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!

## II.

My father and my mother,  
 My father and my mother,  
 They these words did say,  
 Yes, they these words did say :—  
 If these we trust in so,  
 Unto the wars must go,  
 Who shall drive the plough a-field, or who the grass shall mow?  
 Yes, that's the very reason we all must march away,  
 Or else will come the German to cut our corn and hay.  
 And therefore I will fight, like a brave Soldier-lad.  
 Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!

## III.

If the German cometh here,  
 If the German cometh here,  
 I pity every one,  
 Yes, I pity every one.  
 To Peter and to Paul  
 He says—"thou art a drawl!"\*  
 And if in Danish we retort, he says to us—"speak small!"†  
 For people who all tongues can parle, why that is just the same,  
 But unto us who know but one—the Devil? it is no game!  
 And therefore I will fight, like a brave Soldier-lad.  
 Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!

\* In Danish—"Du *bis faul*;" literally, "thou art idle."

† In Danish—"Hols *Maul*;" literally, "hold your tongue!"

## IV.

Of Dannebrog\* I know,  
 Of Dannebrog I know,  
 From Heaven it fell down,  
 Yes, from Heaven it fell down.  
 In our haven 'neath the sky,  
 From the staff behold it fly,  
 No other banner e'er hath won renown so proud and high.  
 Yet even this the German mocked, and under foot it trod ;  
 No, for fate like that our Dannebrog is much too old and good.  
 And therefore I will fight, like a brave Soldier-lad.  
 Hurra ! Hurra ! Hurra !

## V.

Defiance to the foe,  
 Defiance to the foe,  
 When the king is with us,  
 Yes, when the king us with us.  
 He stands with drawn sword,  
 He strikes—without a word,  
 Of a king so truly Danish, past ages have not heard.  
 Yet they pretend to think he no longer here is free,  
 And they even hope to bind him in German slavery !  
 See, therefore I will fight, like a brave Soldier-lad.  
 Hurra ! Hurra ! Hurra !

## VI.

For the girls and our land,  
 For the girls and our land,  
 We combat, every man,  
 Yes, we combat, every man.  
 And woe to the wretched dog,  
 Who loves not his mother "*sprog*,"†  
 And will not offer life and blood for dear old Dannebrog !

\* The Danish flag, which is of a red ground, with the cross of the Dannebrog upon it in white.

† "*Sprog*"—language.

But if I my parents old, should never return to see,  
King Frederick will them console, by saying this of me—  
His vow he has kept, the brave Soldier-lad.  
Hurra ! Hurra ! Hurra !

It may be worth adding that a nephew of Mr. Laing, the celebrated traveller, has for several years served "*som tappre Landsoldat*" in the Danish army. He entered the hussars as a volunteer, and after serving some time in the ranks, has been presented with a commission in the regiment as a reward for his gallant conduct, and has also been honoured with the cross of the Dannebrog. An English gentleman of the name of Bennett, whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making at Christiania, also served (as a volunteer), a campaign with the Danish troops—but in a civil rather than a military capacity.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## THE DANISH CHARACTER.

HAVING incidentally spoken of various traits in the Danish character, I feel that my opinion of it has already been indicated to a considerable extent. Nevertheless, it may be well to sum up the estimate formed by my residence in the capital, conjoined with some little contact with the Danes elsewhere.

In person the Dane is little, if anything, inferior to the Englishman—who is acknowledged to be the noblest physical specimen of humanity on the face of the earth. He (the Dane) is generally “good-looking,” with fair complexion, light-coloured hair, and light blue eyes. His features, in many instances, are somewhat stolid, but stamped with an air of honesty and firmness, which his actions do not belie. He is not lively, he is not enterprising, he is not speculative, he is not fore-

most in the race the nations of the world are running. He is obstinate, slow of comprehension, yet slower to adopt and put in practice new views and systems, even when convinced of their being preferable to those to which his prejudices are wedded. He is indolent, prone to extravagance, slowly dreams away his life, with a meerschaum pipe in his mouth, and a bottle of strong *brændi* by his side—which, however, he never empties to intoxication. He is exquisitely stoical on domestic and commercial subjects, but perfectly enthusiastic on any appertaining to poetry, music, sculpture, science, the fine arts, and all that is intellectually ennobling. He is hospitable, and a warm and generous friend. He is not free from envy, but is yet far less uncharitable towards the successful minions of fortune, than are the people of many other nations; and the munificent manner in which he rewards his countrymen who attain eminence in literature, art, and science, is beyond parallel.

The Dane is scrupulously faithful in his engagements, and his word is better than many men's bonds. He is devotedly attached to all sorts of amusements,\* some of them being childish in the

\* One very favourite amusement in winter is the masquerade.

extreme. He is a calm but sincere Christian, little given to polemical discussion, and quite content to profess the religion his fathers have handed down to him, without the slightest desire to introduce any innovation into its rituals; his passiveness on religious grounds does not, however, amount to indifference, and never degenerates into scepticism, but simply arises from the unquestioning faith he has in the judgment of his ecclesiastical pastors and guides. He is full of indomitable courage, both physical and moral, and when he has once made up his mind to a certain course of action, nothing can deter him from the execution thereof. He often possesses a most brilliant imagination, much genuine sentiment and taste, and a feeling heart. His mind is liberal, his judgment excellent, his observation keen, his satire piercing, his morals unexceptionable,\* his eloquence of the first quality. He complacently sips the cup of life,

The Danes have always been passionately fond of that ancient species of "play." When the reigning King of Denmark visited England in 1768, he gave a masquerade "to all the world," at Ranelagh.

\* The high tone of morality of the Danish stage is admirable. The actors are, without exception, highly-educated, and emphatically gentlemen. Were a well-founded insinuation breathed against the fair-fame of any actress, she would not be permitted to perform any more. The clergy all patronize the drama as being an engine of moral power and utility.

and does not feverishly gulp its contents like the hot-blooded people of the south. He is somewhat vain, and has quite a sufficient opinion of his own worth. He fancies, and will doggedly maintain in the face of any odds, any facts, any figures, that his own little Denmark is not only the oldest, noblest, happiest, best, but literally, the most lovely country under the sun. His ancestors all had profound faith in this pleasant dream before him: he has been brought up happily in this belief—he lives happily in this belief—he will die happily in this belief; and who can blame him? And who has any right vainly to attempt—for vain it would prove—to dispossess him of it? Whether at home or abroad, he perpetually exclaims, “O, my beautiful little Denmark! O, my charming lakes, and grey skies, and birch woods!” When he expands into enthusiasm in expatiating on the glories of his “*lille Danmark*,” do not evince the slightest scepticism, unless you wish to hurt his feelings, for from the bottom of his soul he does really and potentially believe in all he asserts. This pride in his country influences all his actions, for he thoroughly identifies himself with the glory and good repute of Denmark. And well in him to do so! And worthy of all his pride is little old Denmark.



## CHAPTER XXIV.

## THE DANISH LANGUAGE.

ONE subject of considerable interest which has not been hitherto alluded to, is the Danish language. Throughout Holstein and the southern portion of Schleswig, the only language spoken is German; but in all Denmark Proper, modern Danish is the common tongue, although a very considerable portion of the upper and middle classes can speak German extremely well. French is not more used in society at Copenhagen than in London or Edinburgh; but French fashions are much followed. Englishmen are the slowest and worst students in a foreign language of any nation, partly from a stubborn disdain of any but their mother tongue, (certainly the noblest in the world,) and partly from a real lack of that peculiar

gift of imitation which renders all the Slavonic people such wonderful linguists. The Danes themselves are quick and sound learners of foreign tongues. I have conversed with many of them who have never been out of their own country, and who yet speak English with a purity of accent quite astonishing; and I have met young Danish ladies who could speak four or more totally different languages with great fluency and correctness. The facility, or the gift, of acquiring foreign tongues, is truly a pleasing and most useful one, but it cannot rank as a high mental quality, for it requires no creative powers, and only demands a good memory, capability of imitation, constant practice, and a mechanical adaptability of the vocal organs.

The ancient Norse, or *Donsk Tunga*, was originally the vernacular throughout all Scandinavia, Iceland, and some of the Scotch Isles.\* It is now

\* I remember reading a statement in a newspaper, that in one of these secluded valleys of Westmoreland, the people, being descendants of the old Danish invaders, yet speak the Danish language in such purity that a Dane would have no difficulty in understanding them. I have questioned several highly competent authorities on the subject at Copenhagen and elsewhere, and their unanimous opinion is, that the statement is altogether nonsensical. I very much wish, however, that this very curious point could be practically decided, for I am far from thinking the assertion so unfounded as my Danish friends imagine.

extinct everywhere but in Iceland, where, to this day, it is uncorrupted, and is both written and spoken precisely as it was a thousand years ago. This, in itself, is perhaps an unparalleled philological fact, and is undoubtedly attributable to the extremely isolated position of the island. Modern Danish is spoken in Denmark Proper, in Norway, (with little variation,) and in the various islands and colonies of Denmark throughout the world. It is also understood to a great extent in Sweden; but the Swedes comprehend Danish infinitely better than the Danes can Swedish. The Swedes have preserved more of the true old Norse, whereas the Danes have borrowed so largely from German and other tongues, that their current language is an extraordinary compound; and the late Dr. Rask (than whom no higher authority can be cited) expressly declares that, if the evidently foreign words and idioms were expunged from modern Danish, it would hardly be a language at all; and moreover distinctly and repeatedly affirms that it is often hardly possible to prove what is Danish and what is not! Doubtless the peculiar geographical situation of Denmark has much to do with the amalgamation and corruption of its language,

and it adopts words freely from German, English, French, Italian, and Spanish.

Danish literature, properly speaking, cannot date back two centuries, and modern Danish is certainly not older. The language and literature of Germany have long been interwoven with, and exerted a greater influence over those of Denmark, than have those of all other countries put together. Professor Repp aptly compares Germany to Palestine, and Denmark to Galilee, so far as this relationship is concerned. Germany, Denmark, and Norway are also the only nations that use the Gothic letter in printing, and this alone is a great stumbling-block to foreigners, for much practice is requisite before the latter can read small type, especially of that description, with facility.

When Germany shall have the good sense to abandon this cumbrous, although beautiful, form of letter, Denmark will undoubtedly follow suit. There are palpable movements in that direction already. Professor Rask, the amazing Danish linguist, did much by his strenuous advocacy of the Roman letter, for he avowedly hated the Gothic; and now not only are many Danish works printed in Roman type, but also

some of the Copenhagen newspapers, and the transactions of various learned societies. The innovation will prosper by degrees; and as many learned men among the Danes have recently expressed grave apprehensions that their language would gradually become extinct, I would fain hint to them that no better step can be taken for its preservation, than by tempting foreigners to study it; and the very first thing to be done with that object in view, must be a universal adoption of the Roman characters for all general purposes—for it certainly would not be desirable that the noble old Gothic symbols should be utterly laid aside. They have done their duty in their time, and, like faithful old worn-out servitors, must be pensioned off, and only be employed on holiday occasions. For all common usages, let the Roman types be worked, since they alone are suited to the requirements of this active generation.

At first sight printed Danish resembles German much, but a little examination shows it to be something very different, and notwithstanding the copious infusion of German derivatives, a German cannot understand Danish a whit better than any other foreigner. The Danish system of handwriting is arbitrary and hieroglyphical in the

extreme. I sent an exquisite specimen to my English friends as a Christmas puzzle, and might as well have asked them to decypher the arrow-headed inscriptions on Assyrian sculpture. It is singular that although the Danes, like Germans, write all nouns with a capital letter, (which is what no other nation does, except Norway), yet the Danes invariably spell with small initials only such words as *fransk*, French; *engelsk*, English; *dansk*, Danish, &c. Even the Icelanders spell words with capitals in the same manner as the English, and every other nation, except the above-named. The Danes also write the pronoun "you" with a capital, when addressing a person, and the Germans also write similarly used pronouns in the same way.

There is a somewhat prevalent notion in England that Danish can be learned with great ease by an Englishman, and that he can actually understand its import when he hears it for the first time. This is an absurdity, and with regard to Danish being wonderfully facile to an Englishman, it is so to a certain extent, in comparison with some other languages, but I emphatically deny that any of my countrymen can acquire it properly without very great and continuous prac-

tice. This asseveration is not founded so much on my own experience, as upon the opinion of first-rate judges whom I consulted on the subject. It is also a popular fallacy that many of our words are directly derived from the Danish. Probably we are a little indebted to the true old Scandinavian or Icelandic, but so far as modern Danish is concerned, the present gifted Professor Repp is of opinion that England is quite as likely to be a creditor as a debtor. At the same time, there is a singular resemblance between numerous words, especially substantives of domestic use, in the two languages, in proof of which a few specimens are jotted down at random: *Hat*,\* hat; *god Morgen*, good morning; *velkommen*, welcome; *Arm*, arm! *Pudder*, powder; *vel*, well; *give*, give; *Finger*, finger; *Silke*, silk; *Sukker*, sugar; *Kaffee*, coffee; *Sofa*, sofa; *Lampe*, lamp; *Kniv*, knife; *Theepotte*, tea-pot; *Lam*, lamb; *bitter*, bitter, &c.

The sound of Danish is extremely soft. Rask enumerates it in no less than ten distinct vowels. Some have considered it equal to Italian for its easy flow; but in my humble opinion it is very inferior in sweetness and real melody to that ex-

\* The reader will bear in mind that the Danes write all substantives with a capital letter.

quisite tongue; for Italian, when finely pronounced by a native capable of appreciating and doing justice to its voluptuous beauty, falls on the ear like music itself, and

“Melts like kisses on a lover’s lip;”

but Danish, being incomparably less flexible, less pure, and less copious, is naturally to be named with the passionate yet delicious language of the sunny South. I do not admire the sound of Danish; it always seems to me dull, feeble, deficient in energetic expression, and full of bewildering accents; and its softness too often cloy, and gives the idea of insipidity and effeminacy. All, however, is a matter of individual taste, and far be it from me to depreciate the language which has proved adequate to convey efficiently the ideas of such beings as Oehlenschläger and Andersen.

There are in Danish, twenty-seven, (or, as some count, twenty-eight) letters. There is no *W*, and Dr. Rask omitted the *Q* from his alphabet, but all Danish authors use it; and he also adopted *Å* as the twenty-fourth letter, after the Swedish fashion, and says it is common in old Danish MSS., though *aa* is generally used instead. The ordinary Danish alphabet has three letters which we have not in English, *Æ*, *Θ* *Ö*, and several arbitrary figures of



sound have been adopted by different authors, but none of them are in much use.

The best grammar for an English student or traveller, is Rask's, edited by Professor Repp, and incomparably the best Danish-English dictionary is the recent one of Ferrall and Repp, which is an admirable work, but as it is only Danish-English, if an Englishman merely requires a dictionary to aid him during a brief sojourn in Denmark, I would recommend the otherwise much inferior one published by Tauchnitz of Leipzig, in a very cheap pocket-volume, as it comprises Danish-English and English-Danish, and is the only one on that double system extant. There are no "pronouncing" Danish Dictionaries, which is much to be regretted, for a foreigner would find one worth its weight in gold. There are, indeed, remarkably few English-Danish dictionaries of any description, and the very first of them was only published in 1754, at London, written by Andreas Berthelsen, a Norwegian. The first in Danish-English was "printed at London at the author's expense," in 1779, also being by a Norwegian, Ernest Wolff, a merchant of London. I cannot recommend any *Parleur*, or dialogues for the use

of Englishmen. The largest and the best was found of hardly the slightest practical use, owing to there being no instructions for Danish pronunciation, although there were for English—thus rendering it a *Parleur* for Danes rather than Englishmen.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## FAREWELL TO COPENHAGEN.

ONE cold, dark, wintry day, December 5th, 1849, to wit—I, *der Wandernde Vogel*, first set foot in the capital of Denmark, without knowing a single individual in it, nor having a line of introduction in my pocket; and now, this 23rd of March, 1850, I bid it adieu, leaving many acquaintances, and some warm-hearted friends, whose thousand voluntary kindnesses have made an indelible impression on my heart.

I am not one of those wonderful improvisatores who can troll you off a fathom or two of song at a moment's notice—not I! No, I only sing when the spirit really moves me, and then, however rudely my feelings may find vent, they are at least genuine, and flow direct from the heart. This impulse rarely comes o'er me, but I verily feel it

even now. Here, then, from the deck of this little vessel, which is spreading her wings to bear me through the stormy northern seas, let me pour forth the unfeigned emotions which swell my soul. The wind is howling, the canvass is quivering, the cordage is rattling, the yards are creaking, the snow is whirling, the schooner is pitching, the waves are dashing, and the ice is crashing—but above all rises the voice of the lonely roamer, as he chaunteth

DER WANDERENDE VOGEL'S FAREWELL TO COPENHAGEN.

Farewell to Copenhagen! perchance a last farewell!  
 But while I live, and move, and breathe, that name will be a spell  
 To waken pleasant memories, to waken glowing thought,  
 To waken gushing gratitude for kindness all unbought!  
 Farewell, ye noble Danish men! ye lovely dames adieu!  
 DER WANDERENDE VOGEL oft will drain a brimming cup to you!  
 A stranger came he 'mong ye, but a friend he goeth forth,  
 And ye cry, "God speed and guard him as he roameth o'er the  
 North!"

The last good-bye is spoken—the sails flap in the blast—  
 Tear-drops dim the Wanderer's eye, as with cloak around him cast,  
 He waves his sea-cap high in air, while fondly throbs his heart,  
 And broken, thrilling, parting words, warm from that fountain start.

Farewell to Copenhagen! God's blessing on it rest!  
 Farewell to brave old Denmark, be peace her constant guest!  
 Farewell to ye, my Danish friends! and wheresoe'er ye go  
 May ye that generous welcome meet that ye to others show!

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.









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